THE SPHERE

Vol. CXXXVIII
No. 1808

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC

SEPT. 15
1934

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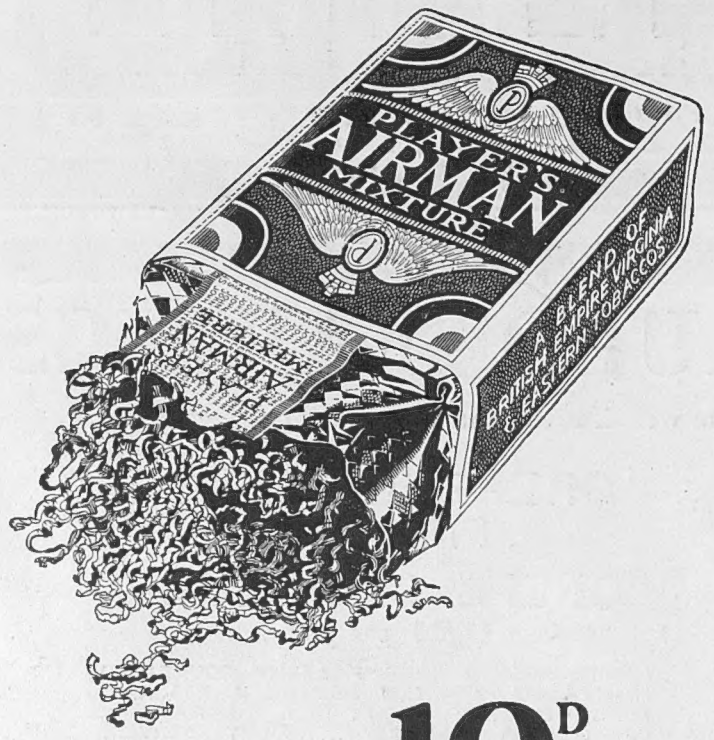

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R.S.V.P.: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SPARE BEDROOM.

OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: THE LONDON HOME OF MR. and MRS. IAIN MURRAY.

AN EASY-TO-KNIT CARDIGAN.

WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.

NOISE!: *by G. Baseden Butt.*

YOUR HOME AND YOUR TEMPERAMENT: *by Olive Rinder.*

FASHIONS THAT WILL INTEREST THE HOME DRESSMAKER.

ALL SCOTCH RECIPES: *by A. H. Adair*

SWEETS TO REMEMBER WHEN THE DINNER IS FORGOTTEN: *by A. H. Adair.*

MODERN FIREPLACES.

MOTORING: *by The Earl of Cardigan.*

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THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, September 15, 1934

"NORDANIA" *versus* "BRITANNIA"

During this week the Army, Navy, and Air Force have been engaged in a series of combined exercises on the Yorkshire coast, the principal object being to give the three Services a chance to practise co-operation in conditions resembling as nearly as possible those which would obtain in time of war. "Nordania," represented by the 13th and 14th Infantry Brigades, was supposed to be fighting "Britannia," represented by the 15th Infantry Brigade. The former was the attacking force and its intention was to effect a landing in "Britannia" and to establish an air base. This picture was taken as "Nordanian" troops were being transferred from the destroyer *Cygnet* to the cruiser *Orion* prior to sailing forty miles out to sea to wait for the signal to begin operations

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

BEAUTIES OF MANY NATIONS: Competitors for the title of "Miss Europe" who were judged at Hastings last Saturday. The winner (seventh from left) was Miss Finland, a twenty-year-old ash-blonde from Helsingfors

"SIROCCO": Mr. Noel Coward being interviewed on arriving in Paris following his adventure in the Mediterranean. The yacht in which he had been cruising went ashore near Ile Rousse, Corsica, leaving him stranded with no money and no belongings. He lost fourteen suits of clothes

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, September 12, 1934.

A ROYAL AND IMPERIAL MISSION.—The Duke of Gloucester has begun his tour to Australia, the chief function of which is to represent the King at the centenary celebrations of the State of Victoria. He is the fourth member of the reigning house to visit the Commonwealth, and in taking the place of Prince George, for whom this mission was originally intended, he maintains his place in the order of seniority in discharging this important function of royalty. First-hand knowledge of the Empire is a chief part of the education of British princes to-day. Proof is never wanting that the symbol of Empire is a lively force among our imperial units and it is not unnatural that the Dominions and Colonies should from time to time clamour for living representatives of that symbol. It is difficult to believe to-day that a century ago the mighty port and city of Melbourne was virgin soil on which one man, John Batman, had his eye for farming purposes. Twelve years later it had become a "city" with a population of nearly 30,000 souls. To-day, though the seat of Government is removed to Canberra, it is the chief city of the Commonwealth with a population of three-quarters of a million. Victoria's part in the making of Australia is recognized by the importance attached to the celebrations by the Mother Country and by the other States.

FIRE AT SEA.—Major disasters on the road are forgotten by the world after the reports of the inquest. Railway disasters of a major kind also tend to be forgotten or confused. One or two for their picturesqueness or special features of horror or drama stand out in memory—as, for example, the Tay Bridge disaster. Disasters on the road are our daily portion; the past few days have given us major disasters on sea and rail. But disasters at sea remain burnt in the memory of a seafaring nation, clear-cut and distinct. And of all forms of disaster at sea, none holds the public imagination more than fire. A blazing liner, hundreds of so lately light-hearted passengers thrust in a moment upon the frightful horns of Death's dilemma, the relentless sea or the relentless fire; on the issue of a desperate race—human ingenuity pitted against time and space—the sole hope of salvation lies. It is small wonder if a sea tragedy of this kind grips and holds the public imagination. In the case of the *Morro Castle*, no single item which goes to the furnishing of a melodrama of the sea was wanting. The captain's death on the eve of the disaster, the passengers almost in sight of their home port, the purely pleasure object of the cruise, the charred hulk towed back to her home port . . . there is packed into the disaster enough of drama and tragedy in all conscience.

UNSPORTSMANLIKE BANDITS.—Ideally, the world should live in secure peace, politically and industrially and socially. But since that cannot be, civilization might at least agree, as a first stage towards the ideal, to adopt one month in the year as a common holiday from strife, alarms, ultimatums, strikes, lockouts, political propaganda, and class-hatred outbursts. As a journalist who takes his holiday in September, I plump for that month as the world amnesty—or holiday—month. But even this very partial fulfilment of the great ideal is beyond the compass of civilization, and here on the first golden Sunday in September (when the papers should by rights be full of royal lovers and grouse bags and partridge prospects) I read gloomily of further trouble ahead in Manchukuo, of disturbing elements affecting the coming Saar plébiscite, and of the U.S. textile strike with its threats of violence and its paralysing effect on American recovery. The bandits of Manchukuo are, I doubt not, a dirty rabble and their powers of disturbing the world's peace are out of all proportion to their (apparent) importance. In a sense one can hardly blame them for thus disturbing a journalist's holiday month, when civilized Americans and cultured Germans do the same. But those Tartar brigands are, in the present state of tension between the Soviets and Japan, very firebrands in a powder magazine. Ragged as they appear, they are well organized and led, and carry out their raids with deliberation and efficiency. And then—with the Chinese Eastern Railway's ownership as a bone of contention between the two nations—each side will make political capital out of the latest bandit outrage. Japan will declare that Russia subsidizes the banditry or instigates the outrages. Russia will riposte that the Japanese are proving themselves incompetent to safeguard the lives and property of neutrals and Russian nationals travelling the country on their lawful occasions. So that Manchukuo is once more a danger zone, and (as the exuberant Press says) "makes news" again. And (as I have said) at a time when the columns of the Press could be filled to capacity by the recognized Silly Season topics.

THE SEPTEMBER MASSACRES.—The Socialist party is another disturbing element in the holiday month of journalists and other old-fashioned folk. At conference or in their books they annually throw a bombshell or otherwise make our flesh creep in early September. The bombardiers this year are Sir Stafford and Mr. Cole, and the latter at least is much better employed making our flesh creep with other implements of the trade. A word of sympathy for Sir Stafford. He is fair game for the Conservative Press, of course, and I am not sure he is not sometimes more misrepresented than misrepresenting. Of course, it is only hoisting him with his own petard, but truly I think this time his intention was to be frank rather than frightful. He warns us to expect a financial panic when Labour rules again (as I think it will within a decade). But it will be caused not by the notoriously mad-cap finance of Socialist government experts but by the unsportsmanlike chicanery of the Lombard Street mandarins. And we, the small fry, with our snug little savings tucked away in bank shares and industrial counters, are given a word of cheer. Sir Stafford flies at higher game, and though in the great battue, the transformation scene from capitalism to State ownership, we may

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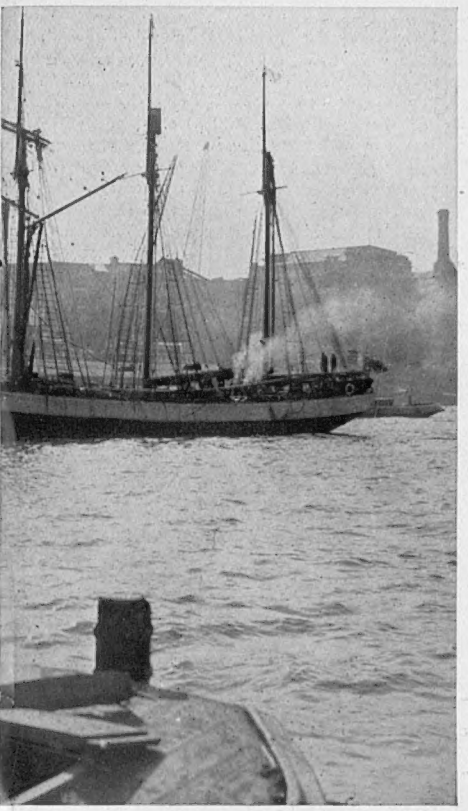
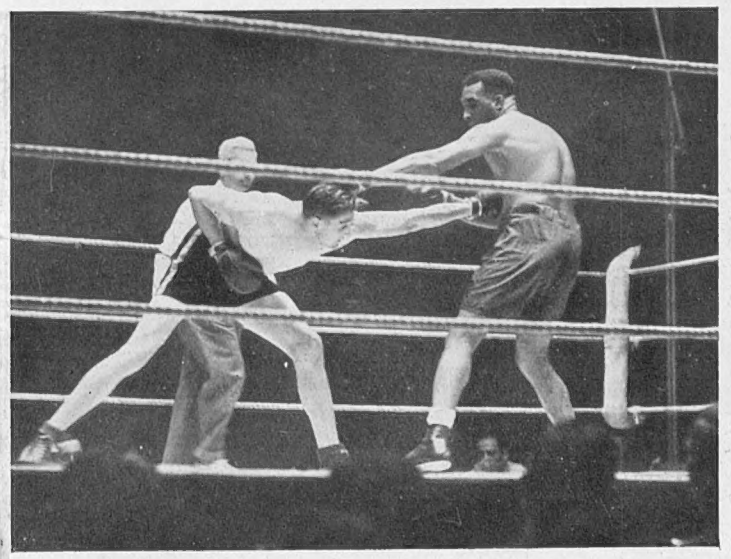
OF HISTORY



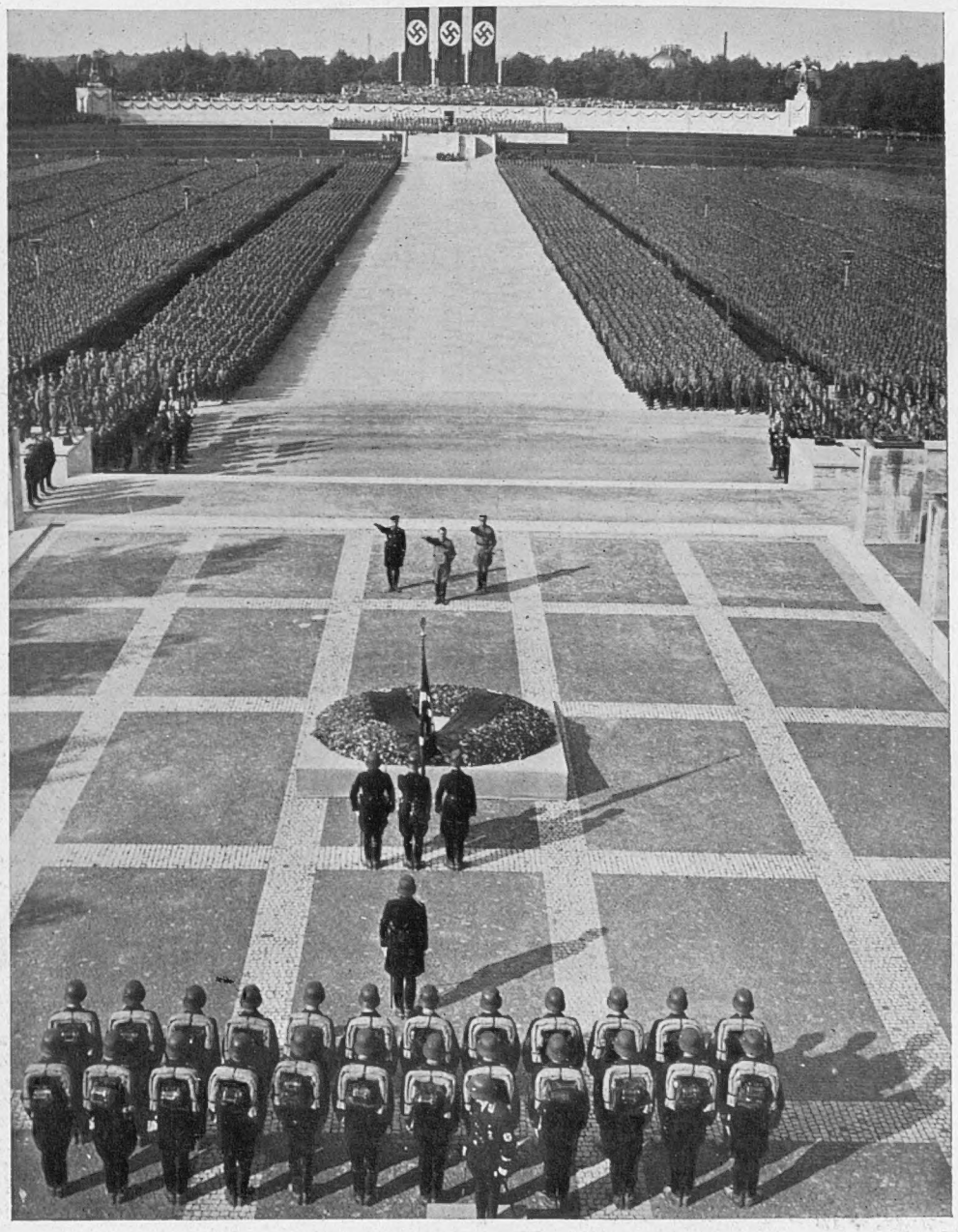
masted schooner, *Penola*, with members of Mr. board, leaving St. Katharine's Dock, London, of discovery

'TWIXT SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS: The trawler *Dagon* when on her way from Grimsby for the Faroe fishing grounds went ashore on the rocky coast near Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. The crew, which attempted unsuccessfully to refloat her by her own power, were rescued under great difficulties by breeches buoy

A BATTERED GIANT: The engine of an L.M.S. train which was wrecked in a head-on collision outside Cumberland Street Station, Glasgow. Seven people were killed, forty were injured, and several of the coaches were telescoped

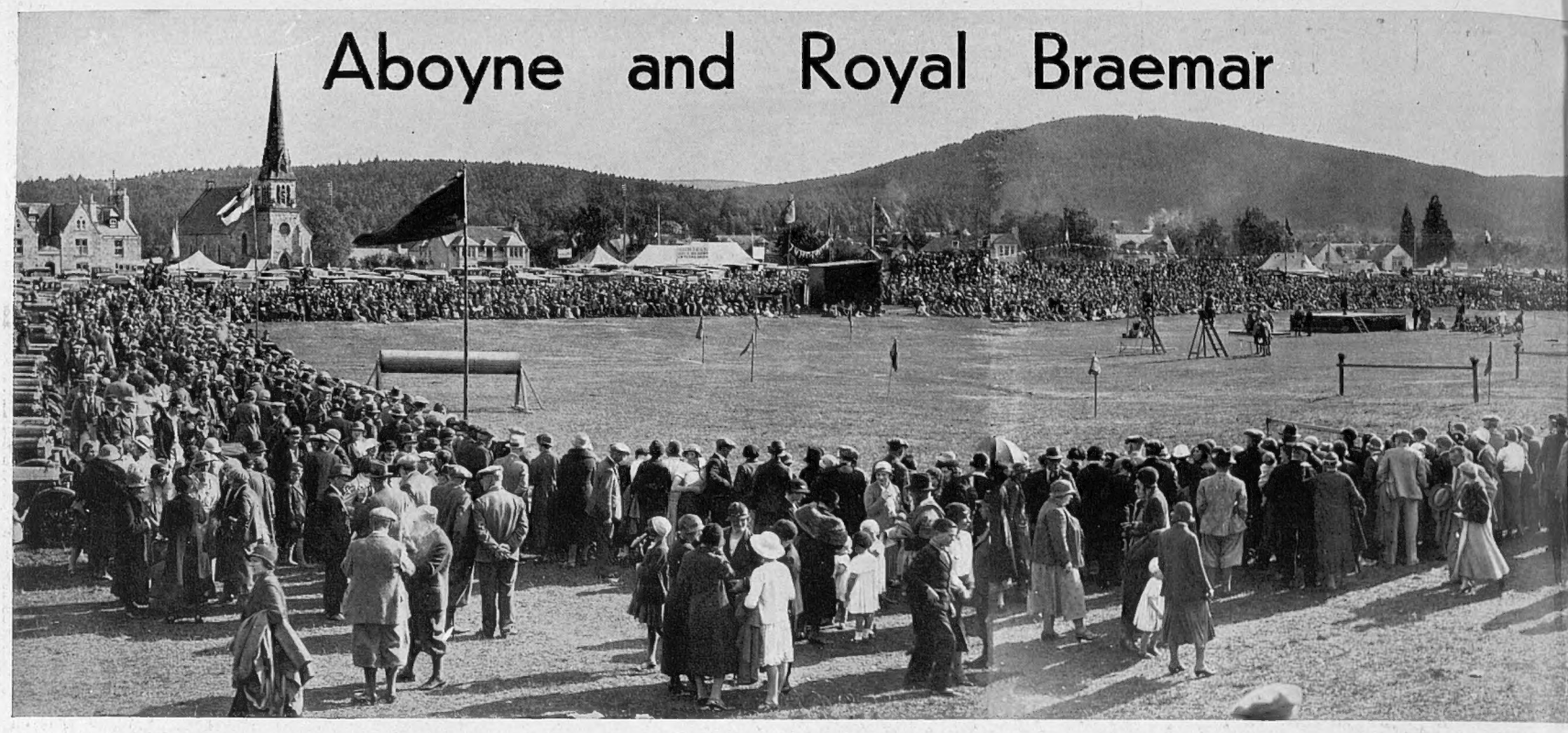


fight between Jack Petersen and Larry Gains for the British Empire Heavy- which ended in the 13th round in a technical knock-out and a well- punch to the head. *Right*—Petersen makes use of his long reach



EIGHTY THOUSAND BROWNSHIRTS: An impressive scene in the Luitpold Stadium at last week's rally of the Nazi Party at Nuremberg. Chancellor Hitler, standing between the leader of the S.S. (guards) and the leader of the S.A. (storm troops), is shown saluting the war memorial. He afterwards delivered a short address in which he made it clear that there would be no further disbandment of the Storm Troops

Aboyne and Royal Braemar



WHERE HIGHLAND ATHLETES FORGATHER

The village green at Aboyne, Aberdeenshire, during the games which were held last week before a large gathering of notabilities including The Marquess of Huntly who instituted the event in 1867

PERSONALITIES AT ABOYNE

Miss Campbell Preston (second from left), and Miss McPherson Grant (fourth from left)

RINGSIDE SEATS

Left to right — Mrs. Rabagliate, Lady Leverhulme, Mrs. King Wilson, Mrs. H. Kindersley, and friend

THE CHIEFTAIN'S PARTY

Isobel and Marjory Meuser, the Marchioness of Huntly, Lord Fermoy, the Marquess of Huntly (chieftain), the Marquess and Marchioness of Aberdeen, and Mr. Bradley Campbell

JUDGING THE PIPING

Pipe-Major Charles Smith, Mr. Jonathan Ewen of Aboyne, and Mr. Alfred Milne of Aberdeen with an entrant from New Zealand

BRAEMAR GAMES

A red-letter day on Deeside which even cold and windy weather failed to mar

THE MARCH OF THE CLANSMEN

A stirring sight in the arena at Princess Royal Park, Braemar

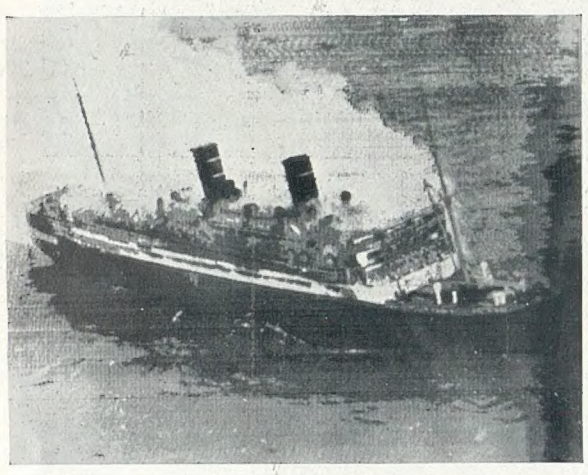
THE YOUNG VISITORS: Princess Margaret Rose and Princess Elizabeth drove over from Balmoral with the Queen. To the general disappointment the King did not attend on account of the weather

"THE LILT OF SHIFTING FEET"

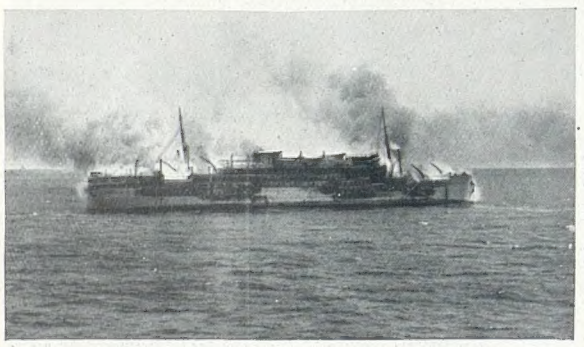
Children giving an exhibition of Highland dancing at Braemar

The Highland games have a character and an atmosphere all their own. They typify all that is best in the Scotland of to-day, and it is a healthy sign that interest in these gatherings is growing rather than diminishing, both among spectators and athletes. These men of massive mould who take part in the various contests such as putting the shot, tossing the caber and throwing the hammer, and whose mighty deeds are the talk of the countryside, seldom receive any special training. Many of them work throughout the year as woodmen or ploughmen; occupations which keep them fit and prepare them for the great day of the gathering. One thing they never need fear is unemployment, for the Army and the Police Force are always ready to receive such physically perfect recruits

"THE SPHERE" INVITATION GOLF COMPETITION AT SUNNINGDALE: *Left*—Brigadier-General Sir Edward Tandy who won the event with a score of 80—12=68. *Right*—Mr. J. C. Akerman, vice-chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, presenting the cup to the winner



THE LAST MOMENTS OF THE "MORRO CASTLE": A wireless picture from New York showing the American luxury liner on fire off the New Jersey coast



A DISASTER OF 1932: The *Georges Philippar* ablaze in the Indian Ocean several hours after being abandoned

A MONARCH OF THE WATER IN THE GRIP OF FIRE: The *Atlantique*, which was gutted in the Channel in January of last year. Providentially she had no passengers aboard at the time, and her crew of 170 were all rescued by passing steamers

THREE TRAGEDIES OF THE SEA

The Question of Insurance

With the burning of the Morro Castle *and the accompanying terrible loss of life another link is added to the chain of tragedy at sea. In 1932 the French liner,* Georges Philippar, *was lost; in 1933 the* Atlantique; *and in all three cases the cause of the loss was fire. But there are other and more amazing coincidences in regard to these ships.*

In each instance the cause of the fire remains a mystery. Sabotage has been suggested in the case of the Morro Castle, *but this is always a most difficult crime to prove. The fire in the* Georges Philippar *is believed to have been due to an electrical defect, but it was never satisfactorily established and many think that it was sabotage by Asiatic Reds. The cause of the* Atlantique *fire is still, after twenty months, the subject of investigation by interested parties.*

The electrical fire-warning apparatus in the Morro Castle *seems to have failed, as it is claimed to have done in the* Georges Philippar. *The crew report failure of water supply for the hoses, just as they did in the* Atlantique. *The strangest coincidence of all is that the three disasters occurred close to land and in the hours of darkness.*

AS was the case with the French liner, *Atlantique*, the bulk of the insurance carried by the American liner, *Morro Castle*, was with Lloyd's underwriters.

The system can withstand so many colossal claims that it arouses both curiosity and admiration. And perhaps the first surprising fact that emerges is the rôle actually played by the Corporation of Lloyd's itself, for the Corporation does not subscribe policies at all.

All risks accepted by members of the Corporation are purely individual liabilities, assumed by those members who are known as underwriters, and formerly as "undertakers."

The financial stability of individual underwriters is, obviously, the king-pin of the whole system. Most of these put up very substantial sums with the Corporation by way of guarantee, and it is never less than £7,000. These moneys, held in trust, now run to the amazing figure of £10,000,000 as a grand total.

In other words, behind a Lloyd's policy there is security to that extent.

When an underwriting member accepts a heavy liability he generally "spreads his risk." That is to say he re-insures with other underwriters, a process whereby an insurer insures himself against some part of the initial risk accepted.

In such a case as the present, the fact that the *Morro Castle* is likely to be a near-complete loss accounts for the very high premiums being paid for this class of business.

The system of re-insurance is one that enables the underwriter to survive almost any claims made upon him since he can always calculate his liability.

In a year Lloyd's business amounts to some £400,000,000, and in recent years there have been many instances of huge claims under marine insurance that tend to push this great figure up.

Most of these enormous claims have concerned big luxury ships of the *Morro Castle* type. Thus, for example, the *Bremen* fire, in 1929, cost Lloyd's underwriters £900,000, a sum paid out with the nonchalance of an office footing a bill for a burnt carpet.

In the same year—a bad one for Lloyd's—the M.S. *Bermuda* called for a payment of £1,000,000, while the liability on the giant liner *Paris* came to close on that figure.

OF recent years the causes of disasters at sea have changed. Formerly the chief risk was that from foundering, collision, or wreck. To-day the main danger arises from fire.

This change is due to the fact that while ships tend to become more and more unsinkable, they also become more and more luxurious. It is the gorgeous fittings in fabrics and woods that constitute the danger of the sea to-day where the passenger services are concerned.

When the great length of the modern liner's corridors are kept in mind, the danger of fire is obvious, since all such corridors become draught funnels making for the rapid spread of fire.

The recent increase in fires at sea has resulted in a move for international action to govern the luxury appointments of new ships.

When we went off the gold standard Lloyd's were faced by a problem of a different kind. This became apparent when the U.S.A. ship, *Segovia*, was lost and Lloyd's had to meet a liability of 2,500,000 dollars. Thus to the nominal loss had to be added an adverse rate of exchange.

After that Lloyd's adopted the policy of retaining premiums paid in foreign currencies in those forms.

ANOTHER complication facing the underwriters was the payment of liabilities for bullion lost in transit.

This will be understood when it is borne in mind that cheques paid for such losses depreciate in the same proportion as the value of the gold lost bore to the gold resources of the country to which it belonged.

Although Lloyd's stands to-day pre-eminent in the insurance world, it is not, as is generally believed, the oldest institution of the kind in England. That distinction belongs to the Liverpool Underwriters Association.

Equally surprising may come the fact that Lloyd's is not a member of the International Marine Insurance Union. The reason is simple: as a corporation, Lloyd's subscribes no policies.

Even so Lloyd's remains the most important of all organizations concerned with marine insurance and the nerve-centre of the shipping of the world.

G. G.

AT THE FORD: Naga coolies crossing a stream. The great baskets which they carry are made from the tough outer skin of a length of bamboo. A quick worker can construct one of them in less than half-an-hour

NATIVES OF THE NAGA HILLS

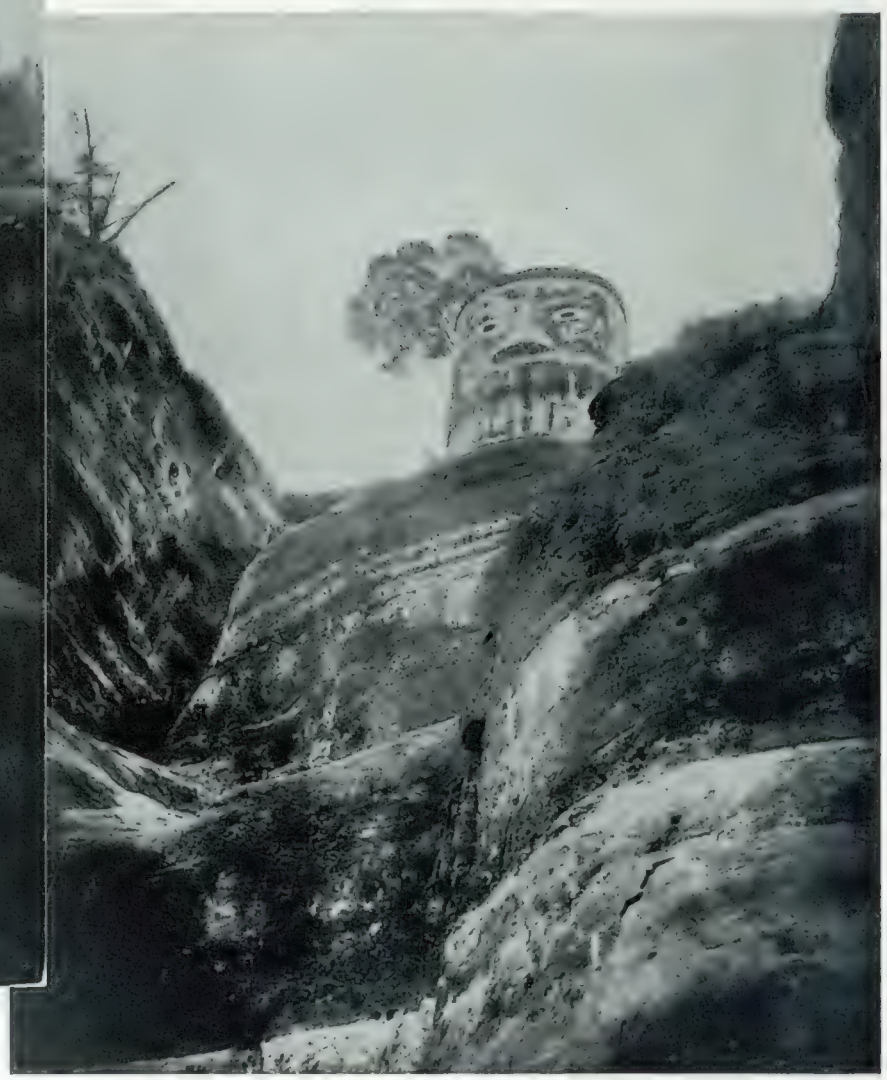
Primitive Dwellers on the Borders of Burma and Assam

On left—IN THE DEPTHS OF THE JUNGLE: A typical native foot-bridge. The sides are made of bamboo, and the floor consists of a tree trunk flattened at the top

On right—A COOLIE: The style of hair-dressing favoured by this youth reveals that he comes from the Burmese side of the Naga territory. From his right ear is suspended a safety pin, a much prized possession, while an extremely tight belt, made of woven cane, is worn round the waist. Note the long sheathed knife slung over his right shoulder

THE ROCK-HEWN BUDDHA OF KIATING:

A Wonder of the Eastern World in Western China



Above and on right—CARVED OUT OF THE MOUNTAIN-SIDE: Two views of a great head of Buddha which towers above the city of Kiating, Western China. The head alone is over 60 ft. in height

ONE of the largest statues ever carved by the hand of man lies hidden from the eyes of the Western world, on the remote western border of China. To rear up such a stony colossus it would have been necessary to break off a mountain-side of heavy ashlar, carry it away, and then carefully set it together again, a work which was enormous even for the Chinese. Therefore they simplified their work and carved the mountain-side where it stood. A whole mountain-side was made into a statue to last through the ages.

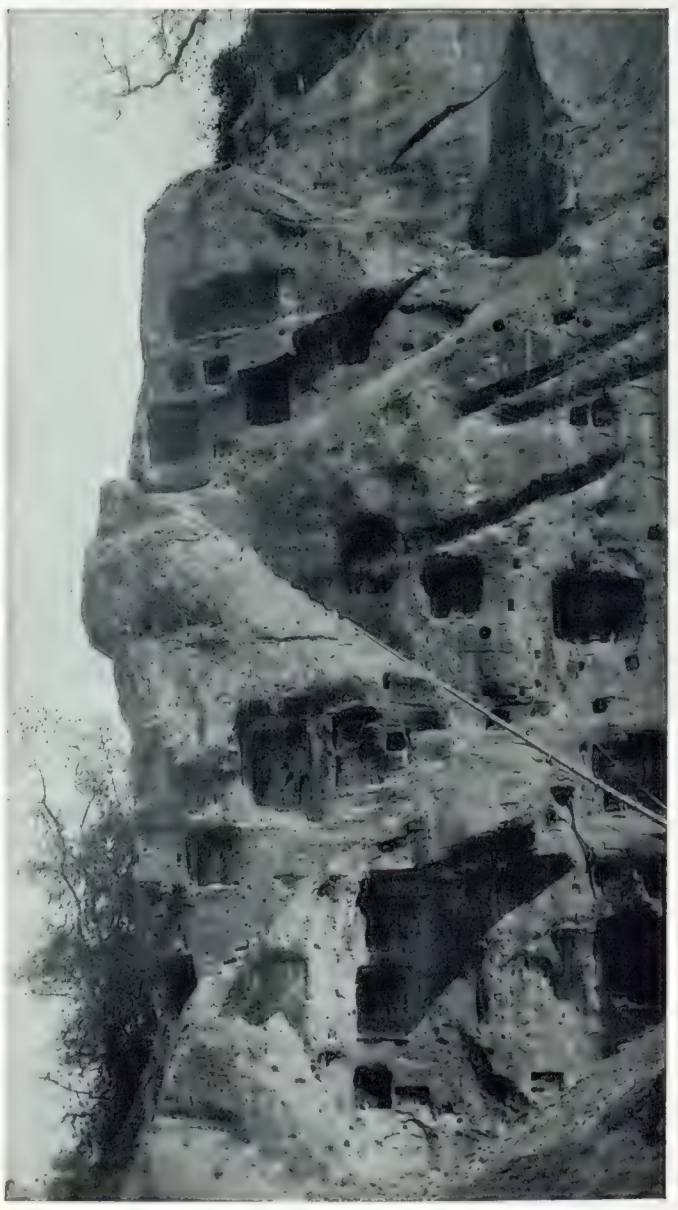
This gigantic sitting Buddha towers above the city of Kiating (really Kiating-Fu) the old provincial magistracy of Szechuan, a short distance south of Chengtu, capital of the province. The city lies on the eastern edge of the great mountain chain which forms the whole borderland between Tibet and China, and not far from the holy mount of Omi which rises above the River Min. A beeline hence to the coast, where travellers leave their luxury liners, measures 1,800 kilometres, and the water route from Shanghai up the Yangtzekiang and Min 2,500 kilometres long. To reach Kiating took me about three months by river-steamer to Hankou and then in a Chinese sailing-boat. Rail doesn't help because the railway comes to an end 150 kilometres from the coast.

THIS STATUE probably dates from between A.D. 900 and 1000. Rock-cut Buddhas, or of leading characters in the Buddha legend, are only another expression of an incredibly old tendency in the human race which ranges from Babylonian and Assyrian rock-carvings and inscriptions, at one end, to the white horses carved in the chalky faces of our English Downs at the other. People who have the habit of carving their initials on a tree with a pen-knife have a faint survival of this urge wandering around inside them, but most of them do not know.

This Buddha has at some time had its face whitewashed. Its size may be gathered from the buildings and Chinese near the right ear of the figure in the first view. If twelve men stand one on top of the others' shoulders, they would not reach from the shoulder to the crown of the figure. One may roughly calculate a height of 60 ft. for the head alone.

The lower face of the cliff is cut into niches which, in some cases, contain rock-hewn bas-relief images of the Buddhist legend. They are not hermitages or habitable, though they are historically connected with similar rock-dwellings in Tibet.

Walter Stotzner



On right—THE LOWER FACE OF THE CLIFF, the top of which is surmounted by the great Buddha. Many of the niches contain bas-relief images relating to the Buddhist legend. *On left*—The author of this article and his Chinese interpreter being carried up the cliff

FOREIGN NEWS

The Nazis at Nuremberg and Other Matters

A HUNTING HOLIDAY: Marshal Italo Balbo, Governor of Libya, on a shooting expedition in Northern Africa. Last year, as Air Minister, he was the idol of all Italy, to-day he is achieving further fame as an Empire builder

FOR THIRSTY BROWN SHIRTS: Washing quart mugs at one of the camps established on the outskirts of Nuremberg during the recent Congress of the National Socialist Party. Over 500,000 people slept under canvas

VENICE EN FÊTE: The picturesque procession of gondolas at the annual Royal Regatta on the Grand Canal

EIGHTY-FIVE THIS YEAR: Field-Marshal Von Mackensen (left) at a re-union of War veterans at the Baltic seaside resort of Heringsdorf. This famous War-time commander was born in 1849. He is of Scottish descent

HITLER UNDER (CAMERA) FIRE: A newsreel operator photographing the Chancellor as he drove through the streets of Nuremberg on the opening day of the Party Congress

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PEACE COMES TO ALSACE

A Land of Many Vicissitudes Finds Contentment Under French Rule

IN THE POTASH FIELDS OF ALSACE: Miners' houses at Wittelsheim

By H. J. GREENWALL

STRASBOURG

MY first memory of the "Alsatian Problem" was being taken many years ago to look at the crêpe-draped statue of Alsace-Lorraine in a corner of the Place de la Concorde, near the Tuileries Garden. A second recollection is that of a tall, thin man in a frock-coat, Paul Déroulede, making a fiery patriotic speech from the base of that statue, while some young and old women in Alsatian national costume stood by, the old women in tears, the young ones smiling wonderingly. There comes a third memory to my mind; twenty years ago. France had gone to war. With a bound the young soldiers of France have jumped off from the eastern forts in their queer, red, baggy trousers and blue tunics. They have gone to conquer, or should we say re-conquer, Alsace at the point of the bayonet. They did not succeed.

The spectacular success so badly wanted in Alsace was not forthcoming. The French troops were hurled back. For four years the "Blue Devils" of France—the Chasseurs Alpins—fought tooth and nail along the ridges of the blue mountains which form the horizon of this so-much-wanted land. Hartmannsweilerkopf became a sort of legendary battlefield, where French and Germans fought to the death to win or lose Alsace. But victory came from the extreme other end of the Western Front.

With the signing of the Armistice French troops entered Strasbourg, and with them was Georges Clemenceau, the grim old "Tiger." My! how the population cheered, kissing the bearded *poilus*, raining autumn flowers on the "deliverers of Alsace," as the French newspapers called the French Army. The "Tiger" beamed. "The Plebiscite has been held," he cried aloud, in reference to a German claim that Alsace should have the right to decide her own fate. It seemed as if every man, woman, and child was delighted to be French "again." Are they still?

I came here to investigate. Family and domestic ties bind me to the soil of Alsace. I know the people well. A stubborn, wilful race, hard to drive but more easily led. The Alsatians are fond of comparing themselves with the Irish; they complain of being misunderstood; they claim a language, a theatre, and a literature of their own. They are correct in their cultural claims; but their language, when all is said and done, is a German dialect. The Alsatians are a Nordic people, and have no physical or spiritual liaison with the Latins. Like the Bavarians and the majority of South Germans, the Alsatians are Roman Catholics, thus forming a sort of religious bridge between a large section of the German people and the French nation.

AFTER the Franco-Prussian War Alsace became German, and stayed so until November 1918. From 1871 until 1914 the French kept up an incessant propaganda for the return of Alsace. The Germans did their best to combat this propaganda, but their methods were inclined to be clumsy. Twice a year the Kaiser used to visit Strasbourg, where he had a beautiful palace, and the schoolchildren were given a holiday on the occasion of the Royal visits, but I recall that in 1911, the year of the "coup d'Agadir," when France and Germany were nearly at war, the Royal visits led to disturbing incidents. The boys of the local Gymnasium (public school) were massed in front of the University to acclaim their Kaiser. One youngster quietly slipped a catapult from his pocket and flung a stone at the All-Highest.

During another visit the Kaiser visited the school, and the boys were to sing a hymn in praise of their Sovereign. In the silent expectant hush, before the voices were to be uplifted in song, a boyish treble cried aloud: "hang him!"

In both instances the police acted with speed and violence. The families of the two offending boys were rounded-up and examined and cross-examined. In the end it was the same: they were given twenty-four hours to remove themselves from the soil of Alsace.

It is only with a detailed knowledge of life during the German "occupation," which lasted nearly forty years, that one is able to judge what the French have accomplished in twenty years. It should be remembered that Strasbourg, with its excellent University, was a great centre of enlightenment and learning. The Germans, far more than their neighbours the French, capitalize education; in fact they treat education much like the Americans treat what they call culture; they go out and grab it.

It should be remembered, too, that Strasbourg was a great military centre, with wonderful and up-to-date barracks. Smart, swaggering officers, scions of wealthy families, with much money to spend. Then, also, Alsace was inhabited by families of position, who kept up a sort of semi-feudal life. Finally, the Germans, past-masters in hygiene, saw to it that their newly-acquired subjects had proper drainage systems, electric light in the streets and cottages, and that their standard of living was on a par with that of the Fatherland.

ON MY DESK is a German Iron Cross: it was sent to me just after the Armistice by one of my Alsatian brothers-in-law who fought in the German Army. Their father was a soldier of France who fought against Prussia in the Franco-Prussian War. That, in a small nutshell, is the story of Alsace. The French had a task of a super-Hercules when they literally interpreted that point of the late President Wilson's fourteen, which said that the wrong done to France must be righted. How have they accomplished their self-imposed task?

The University has not increased either its prestige or its power since the French succeeded the Germans in Alsace. I have already explained why this is so: the French do not give the same standard of value to education as the Germans. That is all there is to that.

The military question is far more complicated, because bound up with that question is the well-being of many of the Strasbourg shopkeepers. Even before the World War there was a wide gulf separating the mentality of the German officer from that of his French opposite number. The German officer swaggered, he was encouraged to do so, and let me say quite frankly that the majority of the German people liked that swaggering walk; sometimes they may have protested in cafés when nobody was thought to be eavesdropping, but that was purely for form's sake. The German likes to be ordered about; it is in his blood; and, as I have written, the Alsatians are a Nordic people, more closely related to the Germans than the French. In other words, they did not mind the clanking, swashbuckling, moustache-twisting German officer.

The French officer is another type entirely; he does not swagger; he never did, and the post-war type even less. Candidly speaking, he does not earn enough money on which to swagger. He has to be economical, make his pay go twice as far as the pre-war type did. Writing equally candidly, the French officer—and Strasbourg is still a very important garrison city—is of no great interest to the local shopkeeper. And for good reasons.

Then those once-beautiful barracks. This is a very sore point indeed in this city where I write. The German High Command put in wonderful wash-basins; the German conscripts had to be sluiced down and well groomed before they came on parade; like racehorses, somebody said.

Came the French, and put their conscripts into the once smart, spick-and-span ex-German barracks. But they closed down as useless most of the former washing arrangements. Why? I do not know. Possibly the reasons are very good, but the local inhabitants do not forget to tell the French soldiers how much better off the Germans used to be in the same barracks.

Perhaps, if they wished to, the local Alsatians could tell the troopers how much better treated they are by their French officers than the Germans were by their officers. The former brutality which used to be a byword in Saverne, another garrison city near here, is a thing of the almost forgotten past.

What of life in the villages? The French could do nothing for their new subjects in the same degree that the Germans did, because the Germans had already done everything that hygiene demands. Have the French kept to the same standard as the Germans? It is difficult to judge, because Alsatian opinion is divided. Perhaps on the whole, they have not, because French municipal ethics are not the same as the German.

What then have the French done? you may ask. My reply is that they have done very well indeed by avoiding all the risks and dangers that were forecasted for them in Alsace. After all, one hears of minority troubles in Czechoslovakia, in Poland, and in Rumania, just to name three of the post-war changed territories. The French in Alsace have

(Continued on p. 408)

ARMISTICE DAY IN STRASBOURG: A scene in front of the City Hall. To-day the French and German elements in Alsace are living peaceably together, both seemingly satisfied with their lot

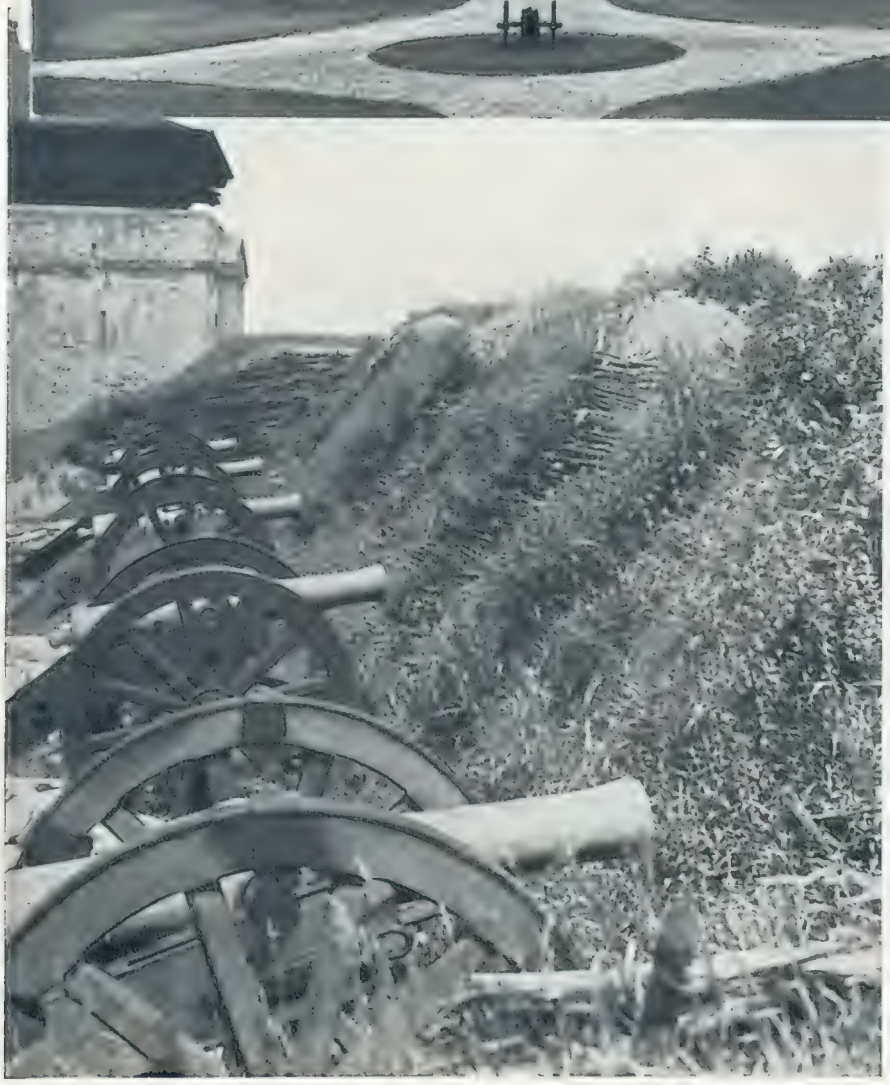
HISTORIC FORT NIAGARA

Where Britain, France, and the United States Once Struggled for Supremacy

UNDER THREE FLAGS: The blockhouse at Fort Niagara, the famous stronghold which has now been restored by the United States Government at a cost of £100,000 and where celebrations to mark the completion of the work were held last week. It stands on the New York side of the Niagara River, and in the early days was regarded as the most important military post in America. It belonged, at various times, to France, Britain, and the United States

1678–1759: A coat-of-arms bearing the dates of the French occupation

THE SCENE OF MANY CONFLICTS: The castle, built in 1726 by Gaspard Chaussegros de Lery, is the oldest of the existing structures within the fort. On the right is the Rush-Bagot memorial which was dedicated last week in honour of the men who, in 1818, signed the treaty which led to the defortification of the entire United States–Canadian frontier



RELICS OF A TURBULENT PAST: A row of cannon drawn up behind the earthworks

ADORNING THE ENTRANCE: The United States and British coats-of-arms

From 1726 onwards Fort Niagara loomed large in the affairs of the North American continent. The French were the first to build on this site, and just as long as they remained in possession their control of the Great Lakes was secure. In July 1759, however, the fort passed into the hands of the British after Sir William Johnson, the soldier and pioneer settler, had besieged it for sixteen days. Following the War of Independence it became the property of the United States, but in 1813 Britain bombarded and recaptured it. Two years later Fort Niagara changed hands for the last time when it was handed back to the American Government under the terms of the Treaty of Ghent. A few days ago thousands of people from both sides of the international boundary attended the dedication ceremony at which representatives of the Canadian and U.S. Governments pledged their respective countries to continued amity and goodwill

THE WORLD TOLL OF THE TRAFFIC

The Third of a Series of Articles on Conditions Abroad

GUARDIANS OF THE ROAD: A section of the Los Angeles Motor Cycle Patrol which sees to it that drivers obey the traffic code

WHEN NATURE GIVES WAY: Uprooting

SLOW BUT SURE: A typical mail and passenger carrying wagon of pre-automobile days. It took nearly three weeks to travel from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, a distance of 300 miles

ON AMERICA'S TRANS-CONTINENTAL ROUTE: Where the road runs along the crest of the Englewood dam in the Miami Valley, Ohio

CAREFUL CORNERING: An inspector watching cars taking a dangerous bend. Drivers who cross the white line are liable to receive an invitation to attend the traffic court

ON A MARYLAND HIGHWAY: The home of Barbara Frietchie, the heroine of the Civil War whose name is immortalized in a poem by Whittier

LAST TIME I was in New York an American friend, who was to have joined us for lunch at the Players' Club, arrived in time for coffee and cursed the traffic. Definitely, he would give up his car. Getting into the city on a Sunday evening or a Monday morning was a nightmare, so terrific was the jam of cars; and now, coming over from Staten Island, he had been cut in on, forced on to the sidewalk, and he had knocked down a pedestrian, "No wonder thirty thousand people are killed every year on the roads," he growled.

A month ago an English friend came back from the States and told me that American motoring had for ever spoiled him for English roads, and especially the narrow winding roads of the south. He had motored from coast to coast, New York to San Francisco, and he was enthusiastic about the great concrete highways, the stop-sign system aimed at preventing crashes at intersecting roads, and side-road traffic from carelessly or wantonly emerging into the main road at speed, the huge and well-placed road-signs, the banking at curves, the speed limits through built-up areas, the traffic light signals in the smallest towns.

These two diversely opposed views put a spot-light on American traffic conditions, and indicate that a comparison between American and British conditions will not get one very far unless one bears in mind that the one country is a huge continent comprising forty-eight States, each of which has its own traffic problems and regulations and topographical peculiarities, while the other is a compact small island under a central transport authority; and also that an intensive motorization started the Americans thinking about and working upon the problem of fast traffic some years before the rapid increase in car production and ownership forced the British mind to bend to that task.

MOTORISTS in orderly, law-abiding Britain are being summoned in their thousands for "shooting" the traffic lights and similar new minor offences. In the disorderly, undisciplined, lawless United States, however, such offences are rare. What is the explanation of this anomaly? The explanation is that the light system has been operative for so long in the States that drivers there are habituated to it; respect for it is ingrained, and is indeed in some sense an instinct of self-preservation, so that even a gentleman who is in and out of the courts and jail on charges ranging from first-degree murder to mere thuggery, will automatically stop on a deserted nocturnal road when he sees the red light turn against him. So much for that.

Yet America's traffic casualties are enormously high. The number of deaths in a year can only be recorded approximately. The friend I have quoted put them at 30,000 a year, but an American bishop early this year mentioned 45,000 killed and 500,000 wounded. In any case, they are from four to six times the British figure of 7,202 killed and nearly 200,000 injured.

I have heard it said, on the strength of this comparison, that the average American driver is inferior to the average British driver. But the reverse is probably true. The population of the United States may be only two and a half times that of the British Islands, but the motorization of the one is eleven times that of the other. At the

THE ROAD PROBLEM IN U.S.A.

and burning tree stumps on the site of a new road

THE MECHANIZED GARDENER: This lorry is specially built to carry fully-grown trees and is equipped with gear for planting them beside the highway

WHERE CARS CAN MOVE AT SPEED AND IN SAFETY: An example of one type of road which is now being built in the United States. The "neutral zone" in the centre makes head-on collisions impossible, while a bridge takes the place of a dangerous level crossing

end of 1933 there were 23,819,537 motor vehicles moving on American roads against only 1,738,972 on British roads. If the number of cars in Britain per head of population equalled that of the United States, the British casualty lists would undoubtedly soar. Already we see the quick rise in the number of car owners reflected in a disproportionately rapid rise in the number of road deaths. The more cars the more casualties, is still the grim rule.

Only the high-lights of the American traffic problem, then—those points which have a universal application wherever there are road systems over an urbanized country, and fast mechanically propelled vehicles moving thereon in quantity—have more than an academic interest for the British observer.

AS FAR as London is concerned, New York, which pioneered the traffic-light system and taught it to London, has something further to teach the British capital in the field of relieving congestion and consequently eliminating a measure of the risk the pedestrian inevitably runs wherever traffic runs thick in a city street. She has made a start with the elevated motorway which traffic experts think must eventually come in all big capital cities, unless some of the surface traffic is diverted underground.

The first double-deck street follows the Hudson River frontage. It goes as far as Central Park now, but ultimately it will run the whole length of Manhattan Island, letting its motor traffic down at the big new bridge at the farther end. In normal circumstances now you can cut your journey time in half by removing yourself from the lower to the upper street by way of the inclined ramp.

A double-deck street in some of the tortuous city ways, where one can take as long as half an hour to cover a quarter of a mile, would double or treble the speed of the traffic stream, besides releasing some of the army of police needed now to keep the traffic from hopelessly jamming up.

London's traffic problem dates from Tudor times. If the problem in the big American cities is simpler, it is mainly because the lay-out is of a later date. Streets laid out in straight lines, on a grid-iron plan, make traffic handling and light control relatively easy. The problem of one-way streets presents few of the problems peculiar to London. Even numbers carry east-bound traffic only; odd numbers, west-bound traffic only. Traffic knows where it is—and so do the pedestrians. If the American city had a street lay-out approximating London's picturesque confusion, the number of hospitals would probably have to be doubled.

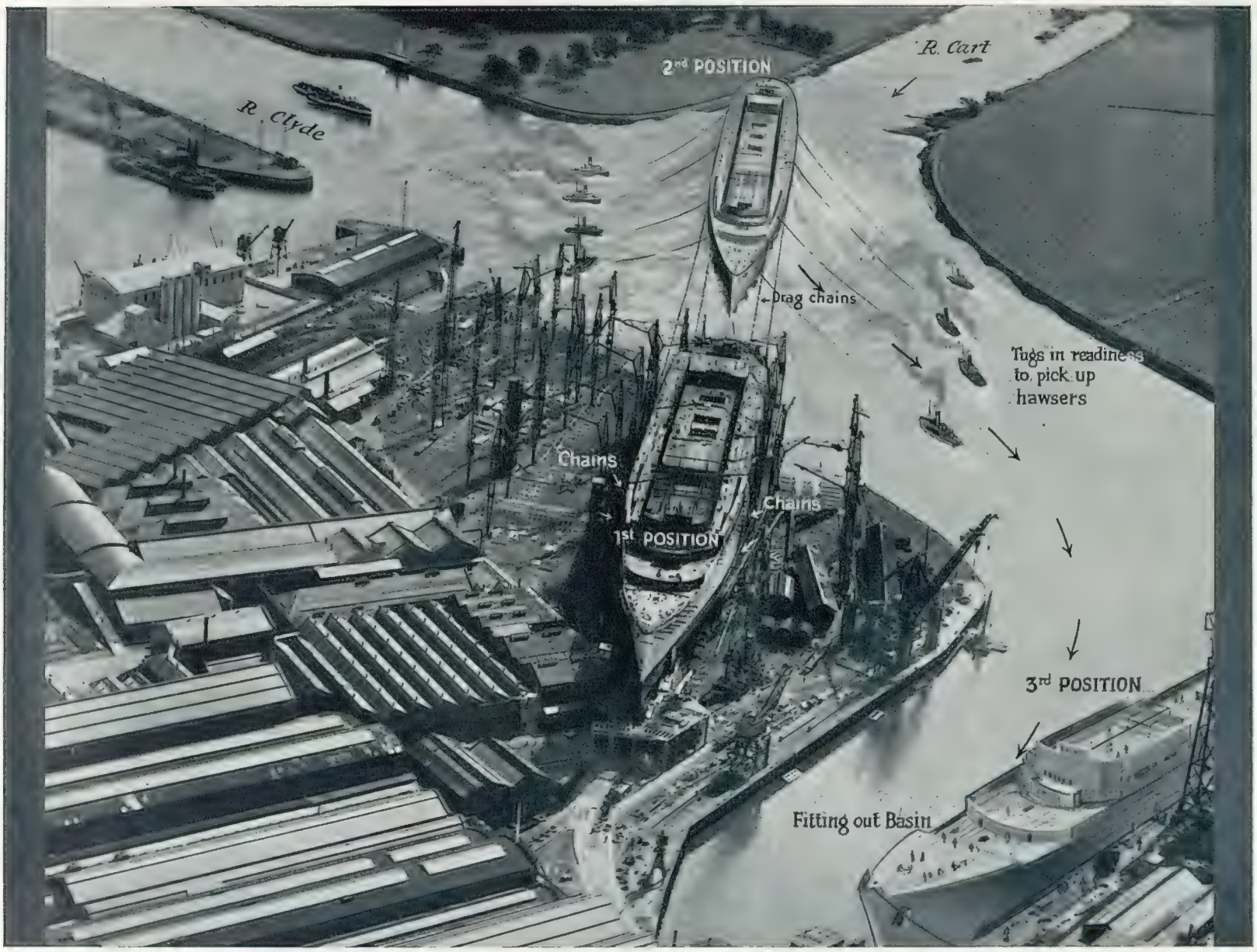
There is no doubt whatever that one of the chief causes of automobile crashes is what can be condensed under the blanket heading of mechanical imperfections. One can divide this main head into two divisions: (1) inefficiency of the machine due to lack of care and maintenance of working parts, and especially the braking mechanism; and (2) inadequacy of the machine relative to the increasing danger and difficulty of the conditions its driver is called upon to cope with in special situations and on particular roads. In America generally more attention has been paid to these factors than is the case as yet in Britain.

(Continued on p. 408)

8-30 A.M.: When the traffic streams towards Philadelphia before the start of the day's work. A typical scene of congestion

WEIGHT AND SEE: Lorries are not allowed to carry more than a certain load, and are required at certain points to pass over a weighing machine

LANES: Some of the main traffic arteries are divided into four sections. No cars must cross the central white line, and slow-moving vehicles must keep near the kerb. The system has not proved a very great success



THE WONDER OF THE CLYDE: A diagrammatic picture showing No. 534 on the stocks in Messrs. John Brown's shipbuilding yard, and the position she will take up in the river immediately after she has been christened and launched by the Queen on September 26. Tugs will afterwards tow her to the fitting-out basin where she will be moored while her machinery is installed, and her cabins and public rooms are decorated and furnished. At the moment her name is being kept a close secret, but it is rumoured that it is to be either *Britannia* or *Queen Mary*

THE LAUNCHING OF No. 534

How the New Cunarder will Take to the Water

TO HOLD THE GIANT IN CHECK: These heavy steel chains, weighing many hundreds of tons, are attached to the hull of No. 534 by hawsers. When the vessel is being launched, and begins to gather pace on the slipway, they will slowly drag out—thus acting as a brake to prevent her from colliding with the opposite bank of the river

WHEN, on September 26, the Queen presses an electric button close to the towering bows of No. 534, she will set in motion a series of complicated mechanical operations which, in a few moments, will cause the stupendous steel mass of some 35,000 tons to slide from its cradle on land and receive its baptism in the waters of the Clyde. Should there be a strong wind blowing up river on the day of the launching, the vast exposed surface of the hull will have to withstand enormous pressure, but even this contingency has been provided for by those responsible.

Many other problems have also had to be faced. There has, for instance, been the question of the width of the river, for here the Clyde is but 700 ft. wide, whereas No. 534 measures fully 1,000 ft. from bow to stern. Nature, however, has provided the little River Cart just opposite the Brown shipyard, and with some special widening and dredging at the point where this stream joins the Clyde, the necessary launching width has been obtained. But for all that, the tremendous momentum which the 35,000 tons of metal will acquire as they leave the slipway gives food for much thought. But there are means of checking even this gigantic force, so let us see how the authorities concerned are planning to ensure that No. 534 gets snugly to her berth in the fitting-out basin with the least possible danger and delay.

WHEN the Queen presses the button electrical impulses will flow down wires and operate apparatus which will withdraw a number of steel blocks or triggers holding the vessel stationary on the slipway. When these are removed No. 534 might by her own weight begin to slide—but she might not, and it must be remembered that at such a ceremony everything must proceed without a hitch.

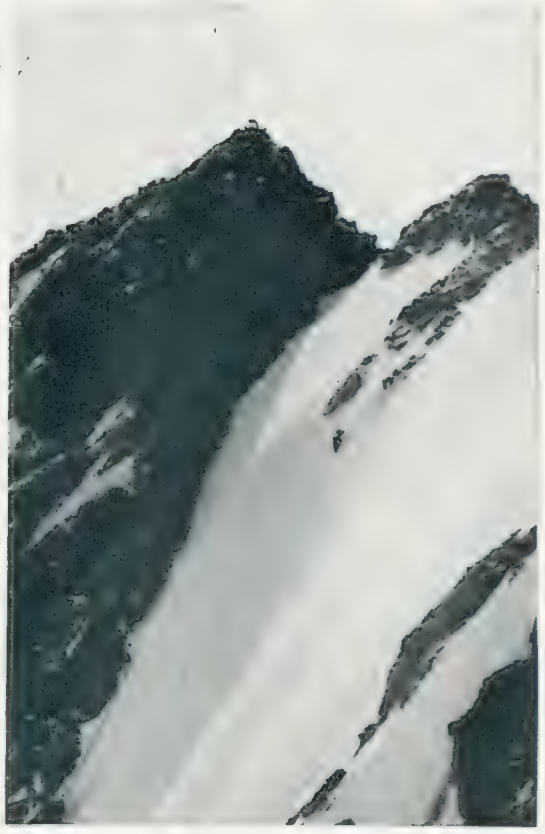
So hydraulic rams have been installed to give her the initial push. Slowly she will begin to glide down the greasy way, and as she does so she will be held in check by weighty drag chains piled up on the shore and attached to her hull by steel hawsers.

More and more cable is drawn out until at last the vessel is afloat and brought almost to a standstill. By this time the fleet of busy tugs which has been hovering to right and left of the launching area, has rushed forward to pick up the hawsers which have been flung over the side of the vessel. These steel lines tauten and in a moment or two No. 534 is feeling the force of humanly directed control. Slowly her bow will be pulled round in alignment with the flow of the Clyde. These little river bull-dogs snort and blow, but they know what they have to do, and gradually the hull must be curled round into the fitting-out dock where she will remain until the last chromium-plated fitting has been screwed into place.

May it be a sunlit, smiling day when the largest steamship in existence first takes to the water.

Chamois Shooting
In the Swiss Alps

TAKING AIM: A scene in the mountains of Grisons where the chamois shooting season has just begun. The sense of smell of these animals is so acute, and their eyesight is so good, that they must be stalked with the greatest patience if an opportunity for a shot is to be obtained



SENTINEL OF THE HERD: On the top of this peak it is just possible to discern a chamois. It is surveying the country to see if danger threatens

THE END OF A BATTLE OF WITS: The hunter and the hunted

TROPHIES OF THE CHASE: Two chamois and five marmots "bagged" during a day's stalking. The season for shooting marmots is extremely short, only lasting from September 9 to September 26. In October these rodents disappear into their burrows for the winter

Pictures by Meerkamper

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: The hunter proudly carries a dead chamois on his shoulders

POOLS OF PLEASURE

At Six Famous British Resorts

SCARBOROUGH

The remodelled bathing pool which was re-opened at the end of July. On the left is the special shallow section for the children

PLYMOUTH

The pool and the new terraces on the Hoe

CLIFTONVILLE

Trapping the tide—a South-Coast resort where the bathing is always at its best

SOUTHPORT

An aerial view of the enormous open-air bath. Accommodation is provided for thousands of spectators

NORTH BERWICK

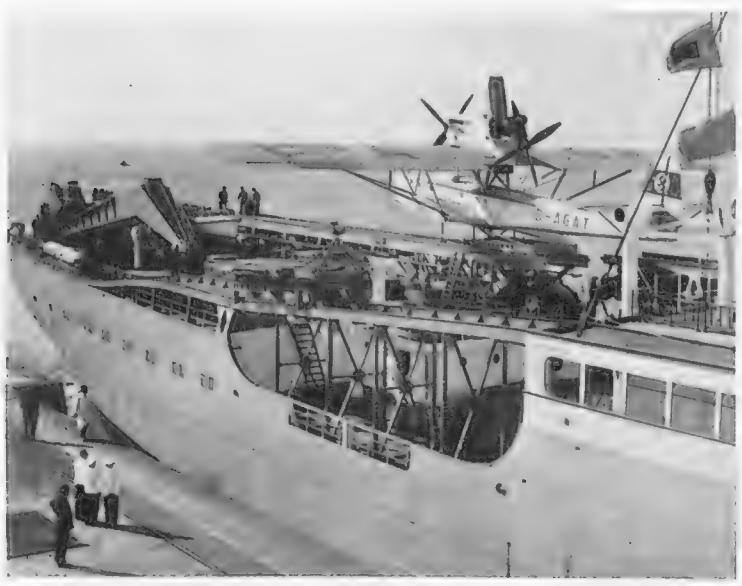
The start of a tub race

BROADSTAIRS

Where youngsters can paddle in safety—a boon on a rough rocky beach

A NOVEL FIGHTING MACHINE: The new Pterodactyl 'plane seen during its trials at Yeovil, Somerset. The absence of a tail gives the gunner a greatly increased field of fire

FOR THE PRIVATE OWNER: The single-seater "Weir" autogyro—the smallest of its kind yet constructed—was recently tried out successfully at Hanworth aerodrome. The rotor has only two blades and, when these are folded, the machine can easily be fitted into an ordinary garage



TEUTONIC INGENUITY: The S.S. *Schwabenland* which is to be anchored in mid-Atlantic and to be used, in conjunction with the S.S. *Westphalia*, as a base for air liners operating on Germany's South American service. 'Planes will land on the sea and be hauled aboard the vessel for refuelling, afterwards being catapulted off to continue their journey

ONE OF THE FAVOURITES: The Lockhead-Altair monoplane which Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith has entered for the London-Melbourne race

TO AUSTRALIA IN THREE DAYS?

Arrangements for the Melbourne Centenary Air Race

WHEN last year Sir Macpherson Robertson offered a £10,000 prize and a trophy valued at £500 for a speed race from London to Melbourne to give publicity to the Melbourne Centenary Celebrations, few, if any, of those associated with the idea realized the difficulties of organizing an international race of this kind. In order to widen the interest a handicap race was added with prizes totalling £3,000, and this greatly increased the difficulties of the organizers.

The result of this addition has been a total entry of sixty-four machines, of which ten are entered for the speed contest only. Entries have been received from thirteen different countries, America having entered twenty-one and Great Britain sixteen machines.

The problem of housing and handling all these aircraft at first appeared insuperable, but the Royal Air Force has come to the rescue by providing accommodation at Mildenhall Aerodrome, near Newmarket. A number of entrants will not come to the starting line; in fact some have already withdrawn; some of the French entries are unlikely to be ready and at least one of the Dutch machines is a doubtful starter. In addition a number of entrants are still looking for financial assistance towards their expenses, which will almost certainly be more than £1,000 over and above the cost of the machine. Failing financial aid these entrants will not start.

Had the race been purely a speed contest it would have been possible to start all the competitors simultaneously, but the large number of entries make it necessary for machines to be despatched at short intervals. The race will start from Mildenhall at dawn on October 20. An early start is essential so as to allow competitors all possible hours of daylight in which to fly clear of the European bad weather and to pass the Alps before nightfall.

BAGHDAD, the first compulsory stop in the speed race (the others are Allahabad, Singapore, Darwin, and Charleville) will require careful organization. Several machines may arrive together and need large supplies of fuel in the minimum of time. The provision of their petrol supplies is the responsibility of the competitors themselves so that the petrol companies will have their hands full and the official checkers and observers will have their work cut out to avoid delays giving rise to disputes and objections. It is even said that some of the American entrants are arranging for supplies of their own special fuel at aerodromes other than the compulsory stopping places so that they may avoid any delay which might occur should several machines arrive at the same time. Things will be easier at the more distant controls where machines arriving may be expected to be well strung out. Although refuelling in the air is permitted under the rules there is no information that any competitor contemplates using this method of increasing the range of his machine.

The various countries along the route have given special facilities to competitors and waived certain of their regulations in their favour, and in this way the race is fostering an international spirit of co-operation. However, the direct course between the control points passes over a number of prohibited areas which, unless opened for the benefit of competitors, will force them to make considerable detours.

The Australian Government is sending H.M.A.S. *Moresby*, its supply ship, on searchlight patrol of the 512-miles crossing of the Timor Sea. Searchlights will also be mounted on every available vessel of the North-West pearling fleet.

SAFE ARRIVAL at Darwin will not be the end of the pilot's difficulties, Melbourne is 2,200 miles away and Northern Territory, which must be crossed, is more than five times larger than Great Britain and Ireland and has less than 5,000 inhabitants, many of them aboriginals. It has little water and very poor communications, and a forced landing here may well show the value of the rule that machines must carry three days' emergency rations for each member of the crew. The landing grounds on this stretch cannot be floodlit and night landings must be made with the aid of paraffin flares. Direction-finding equipment has, however, been installed at Darwin, Charleville, and Melbourne.

The Australian organizing committee estimates that the winner will reach Darwin on the afternoon of Monday, October 22, something more than two and a half days after leaving England—rather a contrast to the first flight to Australia from England in 1919 for the £10,000 prize offered by the Commonwealth Government, and won by the late Sir Ross Smith who took twenty-eight days from London to Darwin.

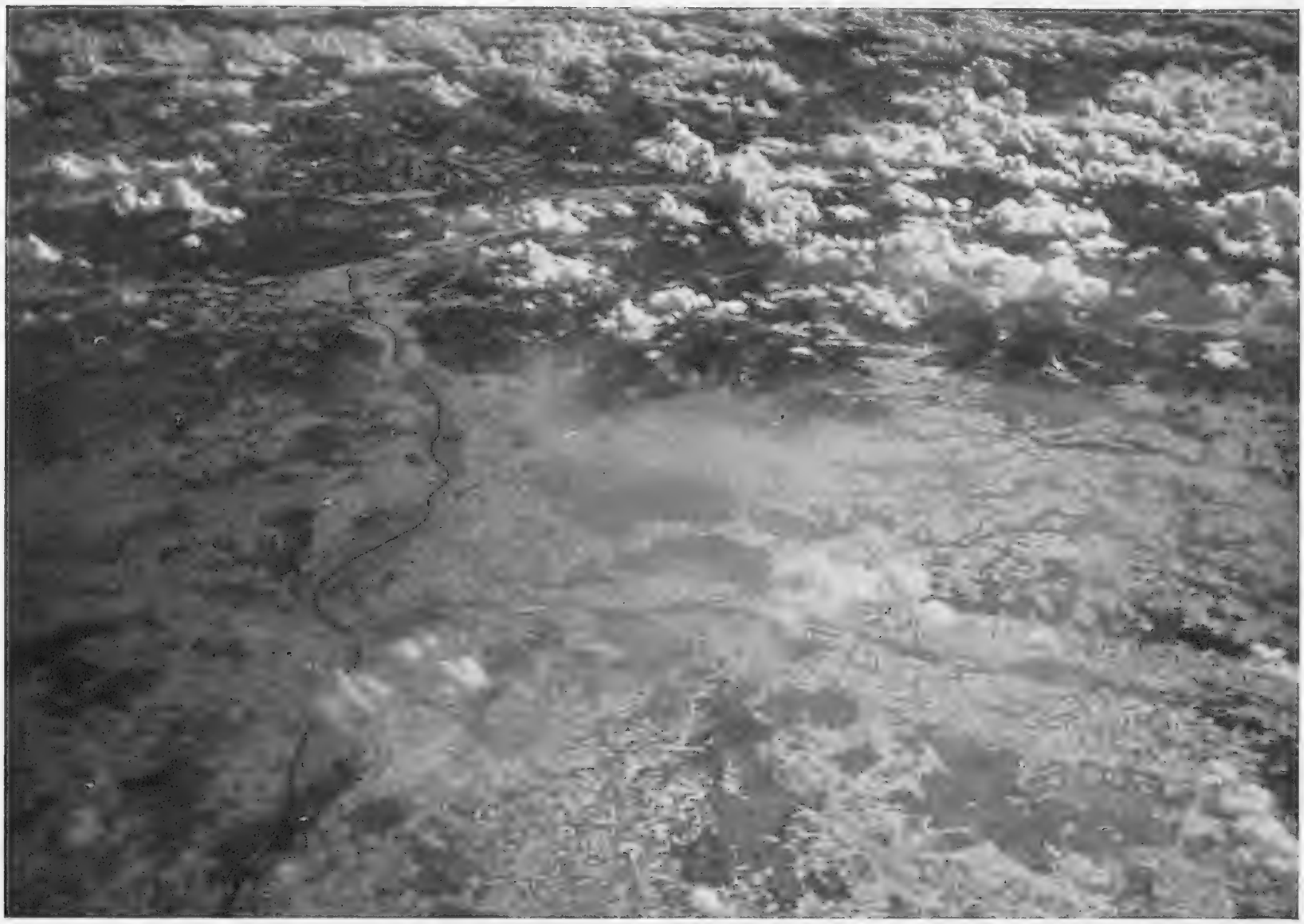
The finishing line at the Flemington Racecourse at Melbourne will be illuminated by neon tubes sunk in the ground between illuminated pylons, and after crossing it pilots must land at the aerodrome at Point Cook.

Behind the winner, who is expected to finish three days after leaving England, will trail out the long line of competitors. Some of these flying low-powered and by no means modern machines may not reach Melbourne for over a week. To comply with the conditions they must cross the line within sixteen days of the start. Their reward for doing so will be a gold plaque, and presumably participation in the festivities in connection with the Centenary Celebrations which they will have done so much to advertise. Whatever happens to the competitors for the duration of the race the eyes of the world will be focused on Melbourne.

C. D. Palmer

THE EARTH VIEWED FROM A HEIGHT OF SIX MILES

Pictures taken by Professor Max Cosyns during his Recent Ascent into the Stratosphere



ABOVE THE RHINE

This infra-red photograph, which shows the great river as a thin black streak across the landscape, was taken about five hours after the Professor and his assistant had left Hour Havenne, Belgium, and when their balloon had reached an altitude of 31,000 ft.

OVER ALSACE

A view from the balloon as it was approaching Strasbourg

The following notes were written by Professor Cosyns and give an interesting insight into what actually takes place during a stratosphere ascent.

WE cast off from the ground at Hour Havenne at 6.18 a.m. on Saturday, August 18. We rose at a fair speed, going at the rate of about four metres per second up to a height of 600 metres. Little by little our ascending speed began to increase, and at 6,300 metres we were rising at the rate of seven metres per second. At that moment the pressure inside the gondola was only equivalent to an altitude of 2,450 metres. The gas by this time had completely expanded the balloon, and hoar frost began to trickle out of the base of the envelope. Masses of cloud were encountered between 8,000 and 9,000 metres up and we could see nothing. We still continued to rise and half an hour later we found ourselves at 11,000 metres. We had, therefore, entered the stratosphere.

WE could see nothing of the ground as we were floating above a thick mass of clouds. We occupied ourselves in measuring our horizontal speed in relation to the clouds and we found that we were moving in a south-easterly direction at the rate of 60 kilometres an hour. It was intensely cold outside the balloon, our thermometers registering 40 degs. centigrade of frost. Inside the gondola the temperature was less than five degs. centigrade below zero. Both the temperature and the atmospheric pressure inside the gondola remained largely stationary.

(Continued on p. 408)

THE EQUILIBRISTS: Porters from the London wholesale markets displaying their skill in the basket-carrying race at their annual sports meeting at Herne Hill

WARMTH FOR WINTER NIGHTS: Employees at a Witney factory laying out blankets to bleach in the sun

DREDGING THE UPPER THAMES which, for thirty-five miles above Oxford, has become choked and silted up as a result of years of neglect

LABOUR IN CONCLAVE

Beside the Seaside

LAST WEEK the Sixty-sixth Trades Union Congress was held at Weymouth. In October the Labour Party will hold its Thirty-fourth Annual Conference at Southport. At the Trades Union Congress the discussions ranged over a wide field, including Fascism, the forty-hour week, trade union labour rates for co-operative employees, reorganization in the iron and steel industry, Communism, the "failure of capitalism," "workers' control," and even sterilization of the unfit. The discussions at the Labour Party Conference will cover a similar field, and also a full-dress debate on the Party's statement of new policy as it has been set forth under the red-herring title of "Socialism and Peace." Neither conference is likely to have any immediate influence over the existing economic and political situation, but it seems an appropriate moment to review the present strength, policies, and possibilities of what is known as "organized labour."

One outstanding fact about the British Labour-Socialist movement is that to-day it does not occupy nearly such an important place in the social, political, and economic life of the nation as it did ten, or even five years ago. In 1920 there were 955 delegates at the Trades Union Congress, representing 6,505,000 "organized workers." In 1924 there were 724 delegates, representing 4,328,000 members. Last year at Brighton there were 566 delegates, representing 3,367,000 members. This year's figures show a further decline.

THERE HAS BEEN a corresponding decline in the strength of the Labour Party. In 1920 the total membership was 4,359,807; in 1924 it was 3,194,399, and last year only just over 2,000,000. The Labour leaders may talk loudly about "back to the unions" and "victory campaigns," but they are faced with the inescapable fact that since 1920 the strength of the industrial side of the "Movement" has declined by over 3,000,000 and the political by about 2,350,000. In numbers it is no stronger than it was seventeen years ago. Yet with only some 3,360,000 members behind them the leaders at Transport House still claim to speak with authority for the 12,680,000 insured workpeople.

This decline in membership, and the consequent decline in income, is a perpetual source of worry to the Socialist leaders. Hence their continual search for some grievance, demand, or policy, upon which can be based a propaganda campaign of sufficient attractiveness to bring new members into the Labour Party and the trade unions. During the past year the trade unions have tried the forty-hour week demand, the threat of Fascism, and "organization against war," as means of rousing the wage-earners and getting them into the unions, but none of them has been conspicuously successful. The Labour Party is trying different methods. It is concentrating on securing as many individual members as possible, the bait being its annual restatement of policy, now called "For Socialism and Peace — the Labour Party's Programme of Action." The programme has no possible real connection with the title. Actually it is a declaration of war on the existing economic system.

THE LABOUR PARTY has discovered a new bogey, the bankers. In the period 1924–27 the "enemy" of Socialism was the coalowner. From 1927–31 it was the equally wicked "capitalist." To-day it is the even more wicked banker, who is to be destroyed at the earliest possible date. It has been expressed nicely by the prospective Socialist candidate for Faversham. Writing in *Forward*, he said: "Let us drop the idiotic pretence that the 'employer' is the enemy. Let us recognize that he, like the worker, is dependent on the banker, who is supreme. Not the employer, but the banker, broke the Labour Government in 1931." The Labour Government broke itself in 1931 because it refused to face up to and tackle with courage the crisis then existing, but he is citing the popular Socialist creed that the banker must be destroyed.

Baiting the bankers is a popular pastime at the present time. In addition to the Labour Party, the Douglas Group, the Economic Freedom Group, the Communist Party, and the British Union of Fascists are engaged upon it, but it is the Socialist attack that really matters, because it is preparing the ground for the next General Election. The general public are largely ignorant of the functions bankers perform. The Socialists know this, and are therefore trying to create an "anti-banker" complex. Why? Simply because they want to get control of the banks. In the words of "Socialism and Peace," "the pivot of any economic and social system lies in the control of its currency, its banking institutions, and its methods of investment." The Bank of England and the Joint Stock Banks are to be nationalized, though use of this blunt but expressive word is considered to be almost indecent at Transport House to-day. "Public ownership and control" is the nicer and more fashionable term, though it means exactly the same thing. And so between now and the next General Election we may expect a wholesale onslaught on the banks, and the whole of the credit system dependent upon them.

The Socialist candidate quoted above has obligingly told us what it would mean. "'Where are you going to get the money to finance the schemes of the next Labour Government?' I recently asked a highly placed Labour politician, who is also a member of the Socialist League. 'We can get it in only two ways,' he replied, 'by taxation or borrowing.' Any City man would have answered in exactly the same terms. And this means that Socialist Britain will pile up debt, mountains of it." To-day, the integrity of the British banking system is unchallenged throughout the world. It has served Britain well in a period of economic depression, and it has assisted very materially in maintaining London as the main centre for international financial operations.

BUT while Labour is preparing to attack the banks, and through them the whole existing economic system, it is still very troubled with a flank attack from the Communists. Both the Labour Party and the Trades Union Congress have told the "Movement" not to have anything to do with the Communists or the various bodies they control. Yet the Communist policy was stated at the Trades Union Congress, and will be stated again at the Labour Party Conference. Moreover, a number of trade unions, trade union leaders, trades councils, and local labour parties are affiliated or giving their support to Communist bodies.

And it is just as well to realize that there is no fundamental difference between the Socialist Commonwealth and the Soviet (i.e., Communist) State, save that one is to be achieved by peaceful (sic) means and the other by violence.

The world of Labour is not a happy one these days, and like other political parties its leaders are feeling the burden of the years. The "Movement" does not appear to be an attraction to younger people with political ambitions.

This may not be an altogether bad thing, as youth is not of necessity a guarantee of enlightened leadership, but the trouble about the present Socialist leaders is that they have been steeped in their own politics for too long. There is an eternal awful sameness about their annual resolutions and programmes. They cling so pathetically to the fetish of "State control," they are so singularly powerless against attacks by revolutionary bodies. In short, they are a long way from proving that Labour is fit to govern again. J. B. W.

A CIVIC RECEPTION: The Mayor of Weymouth welcoming Mr. Conley, President of the Trades Union Congress

WELWITSCHIA Mirabilis : A Grotesque Desert Plant of Great Rarity

This plant, which is so scarce that it has been placed under Government protection, is found only in South-West Africa and Southern Angola. It has two leaves which split up and often grow to a length of 10 ft. Its flowers are scarlet

THE MALE

The Welwitschia Mirabilis was named in 1864 in honour of its discoverer, Friedrich Welwitsch, the distinguished Austrian botanist. A well-matured example has a stem with a circumference of about 12 ft., terminating in a depressed crown with a median groove across the centre. Strangely enough the two solitary leaves retain the power of growing from the base throughout the life of the plant: these are 6 or more feet in length and are split up into slender ribbon-like thongs. The Welwitschia lives for about a hundred years, but few botanists ever have the good fortune to see it, as it comes from a part of South Africa which is right off the tourists' track

This is even rarer than the male, and is even more grotesque in shape and brilliant in colour

THE FEMALE

EAT MORE HERRINGS

A National Campaign which Might Save an Industry

By J. BAKER WHITE

UP IN SCOTLAND, at Buckie, Eyemouth, and elsewhere, the drifters are out after the herring. At Scarborough they are catching tunny fish, a sure sign that there are herring about. At Lowestoft and other East Coast ports drifters are being overhauled and nets got ready, while at Yarmouth the long sheds stand ready for the Scotch herring-girls to come to in a few days' time. Herring fishing has started, and coincident with its starting has come the report of the Sea Fish Commission of the United Kingdom. They are too busy to do much reading at Buckie or Lowestoft just now, but this report is of interest and value, because it brings home so forcibly the plight of an important national industry.

The Commission, the chairman of which was that particularly able personality, Sir Andrew Duncan, was set the task of examining the ills of the herring industry and of attempting to find a cure for them. The ills of the industry may be summed up in a very few words. Due to the fall in prices, the virtual disappearance of important foreign markets, and the decline in home consumption, herring fishing has become a precarious existence for men who have no alternative trade, involving them often in heavy financial losses and very low wages to the fishermen themselves. The figures in the Commission's report tell a grim story. From 1911 to 1913 the total quantity of British-caught herring sold amounted to an annual average of about 10,800,000 cwt., realizing on shore about £3,700,000.

FROM 1931 to 1933, and the output was smallest in 1933, the annual average was only 5,100,000 cwt., realizing £2,100,000. In the last twenty years exports of herrings—Russia and Germany were first-class markets in pre-War days—have dropped by about 55 per cent., and home consumption has dropped by about 45 per cent. In 1929 the average gross takings of a Scottish steam drifter was £2,200; in 1933 it was not much over £1,000.

The effects on the industry have been nothing short of tragic. There are fishermen in plenty who do not earn more than £12 *a year* now, and they follow one of the hardest trades in the world. They live chiefly on hope of better times that never seem to come. Practically every boat in the herring fleet is in debt.

FOLLOWERS OF THE SHOAL: As the herring gradually make their way down the East coast of Britain, these girls go from port to port to deal with the catch. They are seen here knitting on the quayside at North Shields while waiting for the trawlers to return

The Commission found that in one port the debt was as much as £1,800 a boat. As a result the fishermen are having to work with worn-out gear and old boats. Only 6 per cent. of the steam drifters are under ten years old; 63 per cent. are between twenty and thirty years old. I know of three drifters working out of Lowestoft that were built in the year of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee. Two were re-engined at the time of the Boer War, the other in the year of the present King's Coronation. One of them lost the whole of her gear last season on a sunken wreck. The herring industry to-day is made up of worn-out, debt-saddled ships, patched-up gear, and some of the finest, stout-hearted men that ever went down to the sea in ships. I know a good many of them, and their wives. Their homes are as neat and as tidy as ever; they are terribly proud of their poor old ships; their fortitude is amazing, but they are very weary of facing nothing but debt and bad markets.

The Commission has made some striking proposals for the salvation of the industry. They have asked the Government for £50,000 to be used for the purchase of old ships for scrapping, another £125,000 to set up a Herring Board, with borrowing powers of up to £800,000. This Board would have control over the whole industry, with power to license all fishermen, ships, salesmen, and curers; to allocate ships to certain fisheries, apply close seasons, give financial assistance to winter fishing, give credit for new ships and gear, run an export department, institute a National Mark for kippers, and generally take steps to stimulate the consumption of herrings in one form or another.

GRAVITY: Herring girls at North Shields testing the strength of the brine mixture in which the fish are preserved

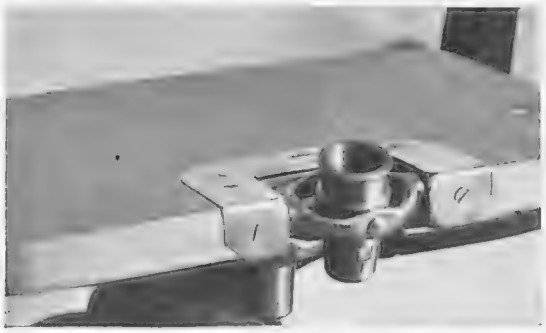
These recommendations would seem to be wholly admirable, though it may be argued that subsidies are an infectious disease likely to spread from one industry to another, and are in general principle uneconomic. Yet there seems to be no other way to save the industry, and on national defence grounds, if on no other, the expense is justified. The scrapping of old boats is obviously sound, as the contraction in markets has not been accompanied by a corresponding reduction in the number of ships, and it is a case of two ships trying to live on what is hardly enough for one. Likewise there is a need for credits for new ships and gear, and for some control at any rate of fishing grounds and seasons. So far, so good, but the real cure is to be found elsewhere.

THE HOME consumption of herrings has dropped 45 per cent. in twenty years, and exports by 55 per cent. These are the causes of the depression. The herring is a cheap fish. It is full of all the things that doctors say are good for our health. They can be eaten fried, grilled, kippered, soused, bloatered, Bismarcked, or made into paste. Properly cooked, it may be asserted, with the agreement of well-known chefs, that they are one of the best fish in the world.

The whole trouble is that they are too cheap at Lowestoft and too dear on the fishmonger's slab. They have small bones in them which are said to make them unpopular in this lazy age! Let the Commission proceed with its scheme, but let there be a nation-wide "Eat More Herrings" campaign. Why do not hospitals, schools, public institutions, and the Services make herrings a permanent feature in the weekly menu? The cure for the industry's ill, the only lasting cure, is increased consumption at home and more exports.

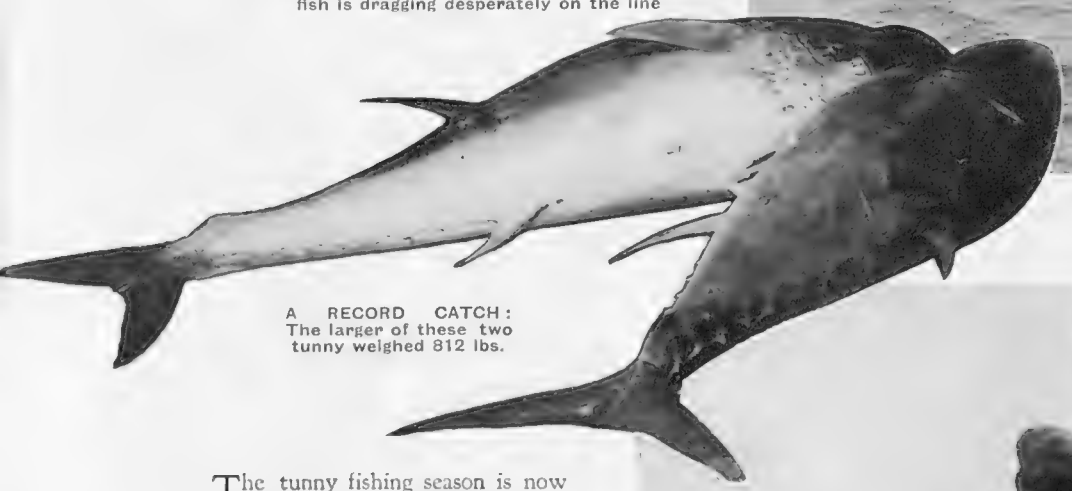
"Canst Thou Draw Out Leviathan with an Hook?"

The Tunny Angler's Paraphernalia



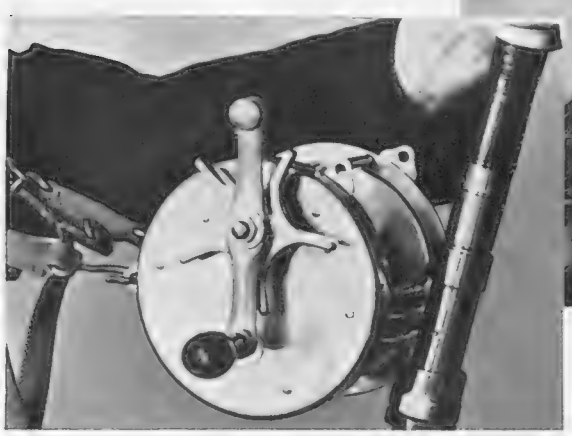
A ROD-REST AND SWIVEL SEAT: The butt of the rod is placed in this socket, thus taking some of the strain off the angler's shoulders when the fish is dragging desperately on the line

WAITING FOR A BITE: How tunny are caught in an open boat. The man on the left hangs out the bait on a bamboo rod which is fattached to the principal angler's line by a thin thread. The moment the fish is hooked, the thread breaks and the subsidiary rod is withdrawn



A RECORD CATCH: The larger of these two tunny weighed 812 lbs.

The tunny fishing season is now well under way, and many enthusiastic anglers have gathered at Scarborough for the sport. Colonel F. T. Peel had the distinction of landing, the other day, an 812-pounder (seen above) which broke the British Tunny Club's record, while Lady Broughton also brought two monsters to gaff. The pictures shown on this page give an insight into the way these great fish are caught



THE REEL: This is the most important part of the angler's equipment. The lever in the centre controls the brake which can be applied with varying degrees of strength

GEAR: *Left*—The hook and trace. The former is so constructed that it will not straighten out under the "pull." *Right*—The steel gaff by means of which the tunny is landed. It has no barb

LOOKING FOR THEIR PREY: The fisherman on the right has sighted some trawlers on the horizon. He will steer his boat towards these as in their wake the tunny are often to be found in large numbers

FISHING FROM AN OPEN BOAT OFF THE YORKSHIRE COAST: If the bait is cast near a trawler there is always a better chance of the tunny striking quickly

The World of Books

reviewed by

VERNON FANE

The Sincerity of Viscount Snowden: A New Life of the Reverend Sydney Smith: Ten Notable Freemasons

MARIA THERESA

PRINCE KAUNITZ

Two illustrations from *The Revolutionary Emperor*—a biography of Joseph II of Austria by Dr. S. K. Padover which has just been published by Jonathan Cape and which is reviewed on this page. Maria Theresa was the mother of Joseph, and Prince Kaunitz was his Chancellor. The latter took an active part in his master's ecclesiastical reforms, and was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences

A CAUSTIC TONGUE; a stubborn, uncompromising attitude where principles are involved; a bitter hatred of injustice in all degrees; a past-master of dexterous rhetoric with an ability to sway crowds; these are sterling qualities, but they are not qualities which make friends, nor do they often go hand in hand with popularity in public life.

Especially the caustic tongue. If Philip Snowden's political enemies have squirmed, so, in turn, have his colleagues. Yet it is no exaggeration to say that there is no public man in this country to-day who is more highly respected, who commands just that degree of affection which men of all shades of opinion readily give to a man whose every action and utterance is based upon an absolute sincerity.

The Viscount Snowden is the son of a Yorkshire weaver and was born into a family where the weekly earnings were never more than 15s. a week. At an early age he became identified with the Labour movement, and, as much as any living man, is responsible for its rise to the political force it is to-day. That he is as much responsible for its present temporary eclipse is equally true.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 21s.) is the first volume of Lord Snowden's own story. He disclaims any literary merit in it, but it is very much written in character. One expects directness, simplicity, bluntness, and some hard hitting at those things and persons who come under criticism. They are all in this book, not without a rhetorical trick or two when a special point has to be made. This volume deals with his early days and his career up to the end of the war.

It is a memorable and important book; too important to be issued with no index; a serious defect which the publishers should hasten to rectify with the next volume.

On the other hand THE REVOLUTIONARY EMPEROR, by Dr. S. K. Padover (Jonathan Cape. 12s. 6d.), which is also, this time in point of scholarship, an important book, is most efficiently indexed, and is supplemented by an ample bibliography.

It is a study of Joseph II of Austria, Holy Roman Emperor, son of Maria Theresa, and brother of Marie Antoinette, and, in these days of Dictatorships, it has a special historical significance, since it examines and analyses a political experiment which serves to reveal the weaknesses of autocratic rule, no matter how well-meaning. The Emperor Joseph might be surprised to see the epithet "revolutionary" applied to him, but the word in its modern sense is a very apt one.

Here is a scholar's book, mercifully uninterrupted by footnotes or annotations, intensely readable, lively, human, and with flashes of real humour; and upon the making of the book the publisher deserves a special word of praise.

Another good biography is THE REV. SMITH, SYDNEY, by Osbert Burdett (Chapman and Hall. 15s.), though why the author has chosen so to title his study of Sydney Smith I do not understand. This witty Canon of St. Paul's, friend and contemporary of Macaulay, is a rich study, not only in character but in the political and social life of the day.

Equally rich is the subject of that turbulent patriot, the Countess Markievicz, whose biography has been written fervently and devotedly by Mr. Seán O'Faoláin in CONSTANCE MARKIEVICZ (Jonathan Cape. 10s. 6d.). The subject, too, is fortunate in her biographer, for Mr. O'Faoláin can write, and there is more literary worth in this book than I have met with in a shelf of exercises on less specialized subjects.

First among this week's fiction I choose Miss E. M. Delafield's THE PROVINCIAL LADY IN AMERICA (Macmillan. 7s. 6d.).

Justly famous is Miss Delafield's Provincial Lady who, with her air of tea-cups and domesticity has artlessly provoked so many smiles and many a good hearty laugh. Her American visit provides as good measure as ever, for in that country there is much to perplex and bewilder, and at the same time be

AN ENLIGHTENED DESPOT: Joseph II of Austria, the Holy Roman Emperor who declared himself independent of the Pope and published the celebrated Edict of Toleration which allowed the Protestants and Greeks in his dominions to practise their religion without interference. He also abolished serfdom, reorganized the system of taxation on a more just basis, and curtailed the feudal privileges of the nobles. He came to the throne in 1764 and died in 1790

open for the shrewd observation of the Provincial Lady.

Yet I wonder if I am alone in finding the humour of that tart kind which, for some obscure reason, I have always associated with black satin dresses and *pince-nez*, redolent of the sixth form and of that one lecturer who was always so frightfully amusing? If that is heresy it is this side idolatry, for there is something a little more shrewd and worldly in Miss Delafield's writing than I have implied, but not a great deal, and her very considerable success seems due to the fact that she has superlatively well solved the problem of being funny without being vulgar.

Mr. Evelyn Waugh is another humorist, less lavish, definitely more salty. Perhaps he would prefer to be described as witty; if so, I for one would grant it him.

I am, very definitely, an Evelyn Waugh fan, although I would rather not have to discuss his travel books. But now, in A HANDFUL OF DUST (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.), Mr. Waugh has vindicated himself once and for all, for this is a really good novel. It is the story, a little tragedy in reality, of a happy couple who live in a preposterous, Victorian-Gothic country mansion. They are happy; that is to say, when the story opens they are happy, but slowly, and on one side unconsciously, their ways are parting, and leading them to an end which is both pitiable and futile.

Mr. Waugh has a gift for observation, though of people and events rather than of places, and he has a gift for satire which seems to be developing book by book. This, his latest, is by far the most restrained, and yet the most moving, and in the more grim passages there is a strength which, as an author, he has not before displayed.

It is, in fact, by far his best book, and it marks an important development in one of our most important young writers. I wonder when the panjandrums of the Book Society will wake up to the fact that a literary personality is striding to the forefront without their debatable assistance?

If you have not lived for some time in Morocco, and are as unfamiliar as I with the lingo, it is going to be as difficult for you as for me at first to get along with Mr. Rex Ingram's novel, THE LEGION ADVANCES (Ivor Nicholson & Watson. 7s. 6d.). That is not due to any complication of plot, which has a praiseworthy directness and simplicity, but to the prevalence of sentences of the following kind:

"The sharp, answering complaint of the im'zad to the bow . . . and the ahaâl had begun." Which means that somebody had started to sing a song. Without an indispensable glossary it might have meant anything.

Mr. Ingram is the producer of several famous films, including *The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse*, and his ability and ingenuity are as apparent as ever. It would be carping and scarcely constructive to compare his efficiency in these two fields, but I can say with the greatest sincerity that his new venture is extraordinarily virile and promising.

Mr. Graham Shepard is another newcomer, but of a very different genus. His first novel, TEA TRAY IN THE SKY (Arthur Barker. 8s. 6d.), is an intimate study of a kind of English life which exists independently of general strikes and trade crises and other national upheavals.

This is a story in which a cousin's tea-party is a matter of immediate importance, and an unfortunate infatuation a real disaster.

Maureen Pierreson, who is the principal character, though scarcely the heroine, is a married woman of middle-age and a certain charm. After a series of escapades, too slight to be called affairs, she finds, to her own bewilderment, that she has a mystic life which is of far greater significance to her than the physical life, and, on this, still without purpose, she dies a violent and senseless death.

Tea Tray in the Sky is in many ways an exceptional book. Except for its vigour, it owes little to the modern stylists, and has a discursiveness that was more common to the 'eighties. That, however, is not necessarily a drawback, and, for a first novel, it is a real achievement.

Out of the ordinary, too, is Mr. Hubert S. Banner's HELL'S HARVEST (Hurst and Blackett. 7s. 6d.). The scene is the Dutch East Indies, the story the tragedy of an English planter over whom a Javanese girl exerts strange dominion and power, of the measures which his white friends adopted to try and break that power, for the sake of his wife and child, and of a terrible climax of rage, disappointment, and revenge.

Mr. Banner writes with the authority of one who has spent many years in the country in which his novel is set. He writes, also, with a first-hand knowledge of black magic, and of its terrifying and sometimes terrible consequences, in a part of the world where it dominates the lives of the natives.

There is force and vigour in this book, as well as the ability to tell a rattling good story.

By the same author is THESE MEN WERE MASONS (Chapman and Hall. 6s.), a series of ten biographies sketching the masonic careers of such widely diverse characters as Hogarth, Benjamin Franklin, Mozart, Robert Burns, George Washington, Sir Stamford Raffles, Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, Lord Kitchener, and King Edward VII.

If to a layman these sketches make absorbing reading Mr. Banner must surely have made a book for which fellow-members of his craft should be grateful.

On page 408 of this issue will be found a complete index of published and yet to be published works of fiction, biography, etc., received by THE SPHERE during the past week.

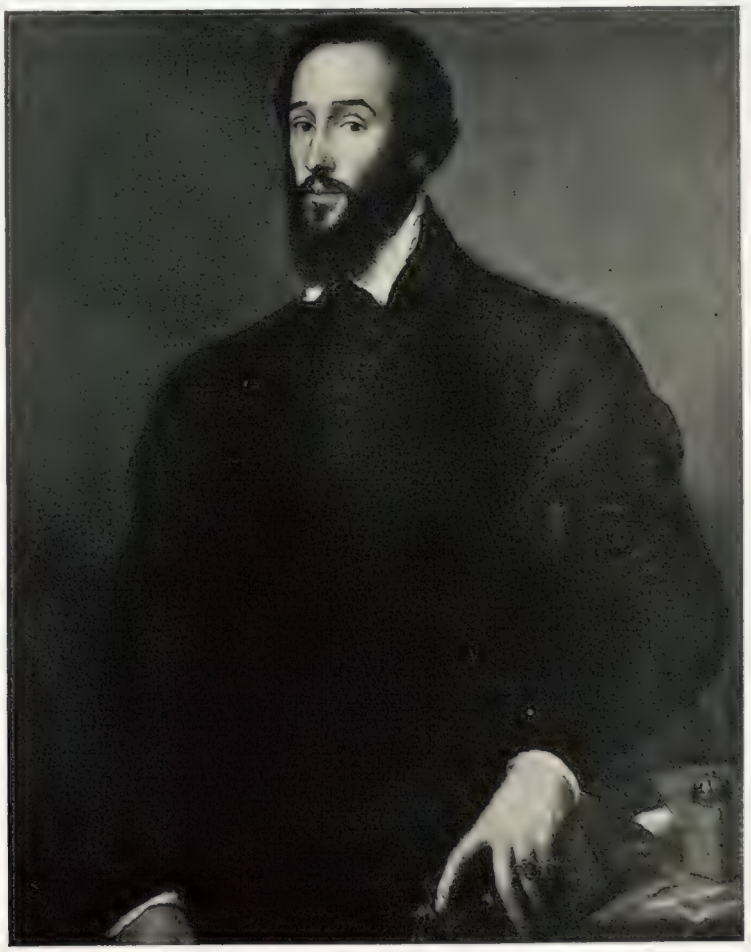
ART OF THE OLD MASTERS

In a New American Gallery and at a Paris Exhibition

A FAMOUS EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY BEAUTY: A portrait of Lady Fitzgerald by John Hoppner, R.A. —one of the treasures in the new art gallery in Kansas City, Missouri. The collection, which includes pictures by Tintoretto, Velasquez, Raeburn, Rembrandt, and Titian, was made by the late William Rockhill Nelson, a former editor and owner of the *Kansas City Star*

A LITILE-KNOWN MASTERPIECE BY "THE SCOTTISH REYNOLDS": A fine portrait of Robert Stair Dalrymple by Sir Henry Raeburn (1756—1823), which has been loaned by a private collector to the Eighteenth-Century British Masters Exhibition at the Galerie Charpentier, Paris. This boy, who died in 1819, was the fourth son of Sir Hew Hamilton-Dalrymple, who was for some years a member of Parliament for Midlothian. Little is known about the picture and, strangely enough, Sir Walter Armstrong made no reference to it in his catalogue of Raeburn pictures

YOUTH WITH A BLACK CAP: A Rembrandt portrait in the William Rockhill Nelson Gallery of Art, Kansas City. It is one of the finest examples of this artist's work now in the United States



CLERIC AND STATESMAN: "Cardinal Antoine Perrenot de Granvelle," by Titian. Between 1559 and 1564 he was Prime Minister to Margaret of Parma in the Netherlands (*Kansas Art Gallery*)

She is as logical as she is charming. She finally has chosen Craven "A" by a process of elimination. Are they not the most satisfying—the kindest to her throat? Are they not always in perfect condition wherever she buys them? Therefore, being a logical young lady, she has decided to keep to Cork-tipped Craven "A".

TWENTY FOR ONE SHILLING

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OF THE SPHERE

ARSH WINDS: ot of the majestic e Naye

Two Popular Autumn Resorts on the Shores of Lake Geneva

centre of the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, a beautiful old city of parks and gardens, fine hotels and splendid villas, many of them standing in spacious grounds. It has retained many of its historic buildings of the past but at the same time it has kept pace with the present, and it can lay claim to be one of the most modern and well-kept of the cities of Switzerland.

NESTLING BENEATH THE ALPS: Picturesque Lausanne, capital of the Canton of Vaud. On the right is the old cathedral church of Notre Dame, the finest medieval ecclesiastical building in Switzerland

Lausanne has, really, two towns—an upper and a lower the latter by the lake side with a landing-stage for the ke steamers, and with lovely, almost level, park-like rounds about it, being known as Ouchy. A funicular ilway connects the two and the railway station mid-way tween, and this is continued to the heights of Sauvabelin, thousand feet above Lausanne, beautifully wooded, and om which there is a commanding view of the Alps and the ake of Geneva.

Ouchy is Lausanne's famous lake-plage, where the ithing from a firm white sandy beach, bordered by turf id pleasant woods, in the shade of which one can lie and st after a vigorous swim, is splendid. Here, too, are cilities for boating and sailing, and close by there is an thletic stadium, whilst farther along the shore riding is ndulged in along the beach. A highly efficient electric tramway service connects Ouchy with all parts of Lausanne, nd you can go by tram to the fine golf course of eighteen oles up on a plateau with undulating ground, pine woods nd good turf and extensive views of the Alps, 2,800 ft. bove sea level.

IN AN IDEAL SETTING: Caux, the beautifully-situated little resort on the heights above Montreux

The country round about Lausanne is very beautiful, and, on foot or by tram, you can visit the picturesque centre at Chalet-à-Gobet, Chailly, across the pretty Belmont woods, and the charming village of Saint-Sulpice by the lake-shore, with its fine old Romanesque church; by lake-steamer you can visit Vevey, Montreux, Geneva, or Evian-les-Bains, on the French shore, just opposite, and excursions by motor coach around the lake and among the neighbouring mountains are numerous.

An unusual view of the Acropolis, and the wooded slopes below the citadel

LEGACY OF A GLORIOUS PAST

The dignified houses of the Boulevard Kephissia

THE ATHENIAN PARK LANE

A MARKET OUTSIDE THE THESEUM, the well-preserved temple which dates from the same period as the Parthenon

ATHENS OF TO-DAY

The engagement of Prince George and Princess Marina has focussed interest on Athens, the city where the Princess was born and where she spent the first eighteen years of her life. If she revisited her birthplace to-day she would find many changes. Whole new quarters have sprung up, great blocks of flats are rising everywhere, and the Royal Palace is being fitted up as a meeting-place for Parliament. Here also luxury cars "rub shoulders" in the streets with panniered donkeys, and the well-tailored Athenian parades the streets with his kilted country cousin.

Indeed, Athens offers amazing contrasts: modern buildings and ancient monuments stand side by side, and East imperceptibly merges with West. It is little wonder that a city of such character and historic interest should attract tourists from all parts of the world.

A FORTUNE FOR FIVEPENCE: Purchasing State Lottery tickets through the window

IN THE LAND OF "LORNA DOONE". Shooting a scene on the rocks above Lynton, Devonshire, for the film version of R. D. Blackmore's famous novel which Basil Dean is now making for Associated Talking Pictures. Peter Penrose (second from right) plays the part of the young hero, Jan Ridd

STAGE *and* SCREEN

By PHILIP PAGE

"MY name's Cooper," says a taxi-driver in *Murder in Mayfair* at the Globe Theatre. "Is it?" comes the repartee, pat. "Then give my love to Gladys."

Mr. Ivor Novello is modest about his achievements as a dramatist, and claims only to entertain. In the sense that such lines as those I have quoted are certain to find loud response from portions of an audience claiming to be in the know, he assuredly does entertain. His plays have other qualities which may be counted as assets. They have neat little theatrical effects, and they are full of the amusingly catty remarks which women are apt to make to each other, again for theatrical effect.

("My dear, you *are* pale! What do you use for your face? Distemper?")

But Mr. Novello has never yet made me believe in a strong theatrical *situation* or accept his sincerity, as a writer, when in tragic mood. *Murder in Mayfair*, as may be guessed, has something to do with tragedy, and it is not one of his best plays or even one of his most entertaining. *Fresh Fields* was very nearly a perfect comedy; so possibly Mr. Novello, for whose range of talents I have genuine admiration, had better stick to his last—or was it his last but one?

This play sprawls. The much-too-long first act is divided into two scenes, and would have been all the better had it been telescoped into one. What we gather from it is that a nit-witted, good-tempered woman (played with a brilliant touch by Miss Zena Dare) has turned antique dealer and house decorator because she would sooner sell her negligible brains than her far from negligible body; that a disagreeable young woman called Auriol is going to have a baby of which the antique dealeress's son is the father; that the disagreeable young woman is in love with Jacques, a famous and handsome French pianist; and that Lady Ventyre is also in love with Jacques, and he with her.

That seems a good deal to cram into one act, and it took an unconscionable time. Act II moves more quickly. Auriol has snatched Jacques, made him marry her, and by way of reward and of showing her affection, she insults him, nags him, ruins his career, and makes him accompany her in orgies of drink and drugs. I could see no signs of debauchery in their flat beyond some harmless-looking bottles of beer; but husband and wife looked awful, though Mr. Novello very handsomely so. Perhaps Auriol was wise to dissemble her love, but why did she kick him downstairs?

The agony for Jacques was twofold, for Lady Ventyre who had married for his title and money a man, vaguely referred to as being "unspeakable," who had obligingly set her free by dying. Since there was to be a murder to justify the title, and since a happy ending had to come about, it was obvious that the unpleasant Auriol had to be the victim. So Auriol was shot in her flat, all among the beer bottles, not by Jacques and not by Lady Ventyre, but by the young man who had, in humble devotion, put her in—well, in the awkward condition I have already indicated. An unconvincing last act cleared up nothing; indeed, as a "murder play" this ended just where it should have begun.

Was the young man arrested? Were Jacques or Lady Ventyre arrested? Did the police obligingly take no notice at all? The late Edgar Wallace would have made much of this. It does not seem to be Mr. Novello's *métier*. However, as an actor he scored a distinct success as Jacques, both at the piano and away from it, and the stage parties—two of them—were good fun on the whole, though on the noisy side. Miss Fay Compton's brains and charm could only just make Lady Ventyre a real person. Miss Edna Best was realistically nasty as Auriol, and a good performance came from Mr. Robert Andrews. But it was Miss Dare's evening, partly because she had only to move on the outskirts of this not very credible tragedy.

HARVEST-TIME ON EXMOOR: A still from *Lorna Doone*

"The Shining Hour." — At the St. James's Theatre (with the real Miss Cooper and not a taxi-driver) a married woman is also killed by the author in order to let two lovers—married but not to each other—settle down in domestic bliss and live happily ever after. The theatrical motto of the week seems to have been that adultery is sound policy provided one can get murder or suicide to help it along. But in *The Shining Hour* it is done, if not decently, at any rate in better order, for it is a better ordered play. And a play, too, of no little subtlety.

Mr. Bernard Shaw drew in one of his fairly recent prefaces the distinction between Heartbreak House and Horseback Hall. The farmhouse in Yorkshire in which lived the Lindens—every character in the play is a Linden—was a mixture of both. The family appeared to have plenty of money but indulged in odd and servantless meals at odd times. They were, most of them, dominated by the rudest and

THE MATRIARCH: An episode in *Family Affairs*, the a great success at the Ambassadors. Lady waxes sentimental as she contemplates the grandson Nevil (Robert Eddison) and his wife

EDWARD GERMAN'S MASTERPIECE: Queen Elizabet *Merrie England*

Ivor Novello out of His Element: "The Shining Hour"—A Success at the St. James's: A New Napoleon Play which Covers too much Ground and is too Sketchy

least attractive member, an acrid spinster called Hannah. Hannah loathed particularly Henry Linden's beautiful half-Dutch wife, Mariella, because she dressed well and saw no harm in having a drink in the early evening.

She loathed her more intensely when it was obvious that David Linden, the head of the family, was in love with his new sister-in-law, and that his love was returned. They took healthy rides on horseback together—probably quoting Browning, for David was the modern type of Yorkshire farmer who could play scraps from a piano concerto—but this did not work off the heartbreak.

Judy, David's wife, knows the true position, but she does not loathe Mariella. Instead, she likes her so much that when a barn catches fire she throws herself into the flames in order to set David, whom she adores, free to marry Mariella, whose husband, it seems, is to be dealt with somehow, for there is to be a divorce.

Whether any woman has acted, or would ever act, as the saintly Judy did I would not care even to guess. It is a great tribute to Miss Adrianne Allen's skill that she made the character wholly real, entirely lovable, and not at all priggish. In Act I, Miss Allen actually had some amusing things to say, and said them with plenty of point. I have seldom, in fact, known a play in which the author changed the bowling so unexpectedly; for the comedy of the beginning concealed all evidence of impending horror—and we were made to feel that Judy's death was very horrible.

Miss Allen's was not the only notable performance, for the acting was without exception flawless. Miss Gladys Cooper showed us the essential decency of Mariella, struggling against forces too strong for her and looking pathetically lovely. Mr. Massey's gradual realization of those forces and his hysteria, never overdone, when the ghastly thing had happened, were extraordinarily vivid. Mr. Cyril Raymond as the bovine, self-satisfied Henry, and Mr. Derek Williams as his conceited cad of a younger brother, are entitled to their full share of the credit for what I imagine will be one of the outstanding successes of the season.

"Napoleon."—The only play about Napoleon I have ever seen which was satisfactory from the purely theatrical point of view was that old-time favourite *A Royal Divorce*.

...ew comedy by Gertrude Jennings which is having ...adehurst, superbly played by Lilian Braithwaite, ...reasured locks of hair of her beloved children. Her ...ose (Lesley Wareing) are not very interested

(Enid Cruickshank) and her pages in the revival of the Princes Theatre

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The Lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

THE DUCHESS OF RICHMOND'S BALL ON THE EVE OF WATERLOO: One of the many elaborate settings in *The Iron Duke*—a new Gaumont British picture now in production at Shepherd's Bush. George Arliss (centre) plays the part of Wellington

AN IRISH ROMANCE: Lester Matthews and Nancy Burne in the film, *Nora O'Neale*. It will shortly be shown in the West End

Mr. Alfred Sangster's play *Napoleon*, produced at the Embassy Theatre, is very ambitious and, frankly, a bit of a mess. We see Napoleon from the early days of poverty, when he took his chance with the "whiff of grape-shot" episode, to the disease, ignominy, and disillusionment of St. Helena. Far too much ground is covered and the result is inevitably sketchy.

Nor is the play assisted by the performance of Mr. Edward Chapman as the Emperor. The last Emperor I saw Mr. Chapman play was Nero in a revue, and very funny he was. He is far too good an actor to have been funny as this very serious Napoleon (though the author managed to put him in some situations dangerously near the ludicrous), and he is, also, too good an actor not to have had some impressive moments in a long, long part. But he was inclined to over-emphasize, rarely suggested the almost mesmeric power which must have been Napoleon's, and he was so very obviously non-Latin.

"Merrie England."—It was good indeed to hear Sir Edward German's delicious tunes again in the revival at the Princes Theatre of the thirty-two-year-old light opera, *Merrie England*. It carries its age very lightly, which is one of the few advantages of a "period piece." Sir Edward's music is the main cause for our delight (not forgetting the excellent way it is sung and the able direction of a fine orchestra by Mr. Herman Finck).

I have known German to be regarded, quite erroneously to my mind, as a lesser Sullivan. He has an individual style, and is always an "exquisite gentleman" in music, a sort of English Messager. The late Basil Hood, however, was not by a long chalk a W. S. Gilbert, and *Merrie England* as a play never amounted to very much. As for the comedy scenes, it is some considerable tribute to Mr. Percy and Mr. Dench that they prove at least tolerable.

Taken as a whole this is a first-rate entertainment, particularly for those who like light music to be light and cheery and not the lugubrious saxophonic wail of modernity.

Blue Coat, White Dress

Black Dress, White Sash

Blue and White Stripes, Red and White Checks

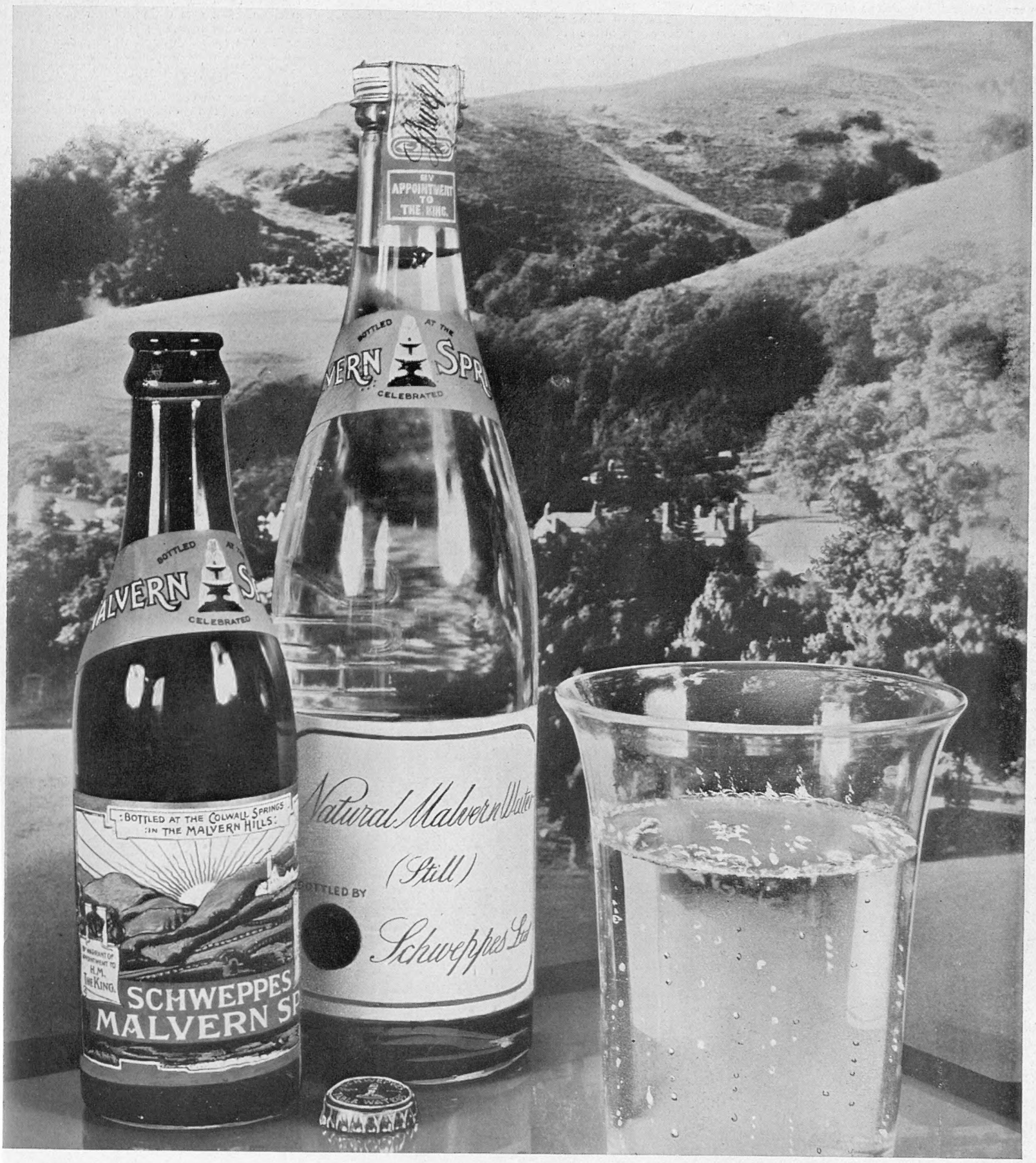
DOWN SOUTH

Fashion Notes from the Riviera. Vivid Colours with Touches of White

Very neat and practical, the natural tussore suit shewn immediately above is worn with an organdie blouse checked in red and white. It is made by Creed, who does the second suit in heavy blue and white silk, with a white blouse and a patent leather belt. The triangular pockets follow the seams of the coat

On the left at the head of this page is a delightfully cool looking frock in very heavy white silk pique, the pleated jabot edged with blue. Both the belt and the coat are also in light navy blue, a double sleeve effect being given by the buttoned back cuffs. This model is by Bruyère

An afternoon frock by Lucile Paray is seen on the left. It is of black marocain, and the beautifully draped neck is held at one side by a large bow. An effective note of contrast is struck by the white sash, and the slender skirt, which flares very slightly at the hem, is cut on the cross



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BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

THE WORLD TOLL OF THE ROAD

(Continued from p. 387)

An examination for the driver of a car, for instance, is considered quite an advanced idea in Britain; and in this country they have not yet begun to think about imposing an annual test to assure the mechanical efficiency of this dangerous machine which is to be driven at high speeds along the public highways and byways. But in many American States this annual examination is compulsory.

It is, of course, a matter of guesswork how far such an examination diminishes possible accidents. Data on the subject are badly needed. But that it does have an effect is unquestionable. It further has a valuable psychological effect. It makes individual drivers more careful than they would otherwise be to attend regularly to brakes and tyres.

Acceleration in particular is one of the things which have operated to diminish crashes in America. Another factor which is tending to diminish the number of serious casualties is the enterprise of manufacturers—driven to it by intensive competition—in providing extra powerful and smoothly-working brakes on new low-price cars, and all-steel bodies which will not crumple even when the car is overturned or somersaulted.

Finally, one may note that main U.S. highways are now concrete, without bitumen top dressing. This is a factor which can probably be counted a major one so far as the cutting down of accidents due to skids is concerned.

C. Patrick Thompson

PEACE COMES TO ALSACE

(Continued from p. 384)

done a good job, in my opinion, because even the German jingoes are no longer screaming for the return of Alsace to the Fatherland.

Perhaps the cleverest thing the French did in Alsace was to steer clear of ultra-nationalism. Chauvinistic as people may find the French in many parts of the world, in the newly-acquired territory, somewhat smaller than Wales, they have not constantly sung the Marseillaise or banged the big drum beneath the windows of former German subjects.

Then, too, they have not put any bar up against the use of the German language or the Alsatian dialect. German is taught in the schools, just as French is, and you can go into a shop and speak either French or German, just as the spirit moves you.

Ask an Alsatian which he prefers to be, French or German, and ten to one he will answer you "Alsatian"; if you press him further, he will most likely scowl and move along.

The fact that the man-in-the-street says he would rather be Alsatian than either French or German does not mean that the Autonomy Party is gaining in power; there are the best reasons for suspecting that this Party is a German-financed one, and is used just as the French used the same Party during the forty years that Alsace was German.

The truth of the matter is that during the last twenty years much of the gilt has worn off the Alsatian gingerbread; the glamour of the march into Strasbourg is forgotten; the Frenchman no longer waxes sentimental at the sight of an Alsatian bonnet. Alsace and Lorraine have become departments of France, and that is all there is about that.

In twenty years the French have won the confidence of the Alsatians; they have used no harsh measures; only a few professional agitators have been deported back to Germany.

In a few minutes I shall take a walk; I shall cross the Rhine bridge, and in a few seconds I shall be on the German frontier. Strasbourg, one side of the Rhine, French; Kehl, the other side, German, but what a world away!

SIX MILES ABOVE THE EARTH

(Continued from p. 393)

At this moment we picked up with great difficulty three radio messages and I see from my log that they were noted at 8.07 a.m., 8.36 a.m., and 8.51 a.m. They were Belgian radio messages, but we could scarcely detect any words because a very powerful German station on much the same wave length was blanketing the Belgian wave.

At 9.52 we took our bearings and we found ourselves above Nancy. We were not to see the ground again for over eighty minutes, when the clouds broke again and we were able to take some photographs. We saw we were over the Rhine but could not tell over what spot; but we estimated that we were somewhere in the region of Strasbourg. Fifty minutes later we took an astronomical observation and we found that we were just north of the Swiss frontier. At noon we were still moving south-east at about 80 kilometres an hour. We continued at the same level for nearly an hour and a half, and then we decided to rise farther into the stratosphere. In view of possible accidents we put on the parachutes that we had taken off, and at 1.30 p.m. we threw out our first bag of ballast, which was quickly followed by a second one.

We carried out a certain number of experiments with reference to ozone, but from 4 o'clock onwards the damp and the cold began to give us a lot of trouble. Condensed water-vapour began to form inside the gondola and breathing became very difficult. It was indeed a most disagreeable moment. For about half an hour we were afflicted with violent coughs because an india-rubber bag came in contact with some potassium and a foul smell resulted.

An anxious moment occurred when, as we were coming down at a rate of 3 metres per second, we ran into a heavy storm. We worked our hardest to get out a number of lead weights we had in the gondola, and fix them to the outer rigging in case we might have to drop them. We also threw out our remaining bag of ballast and came to a standstill 500 metres above the ground. We looked around to see where we were and found that we were within a triangle formed by the frontiers of Hungary, Austria, and Yugoslavia. High hills were all around us and we carefully looked for some ground where we could land. We took the oxygen cylinders out of the gondola and hung them outside, and then we slowly resumed our downward journey. We dropped a guide rope and stopped our descent by throwing out two blocks of lead tied to a parachute. A lot of local peasants had seen us by this time and ran towards us. They seized the guide rope and helped us to make an ideal landing.

I emerged from the gondola and was about to open the exhaust of the balloon when to my horror I saw one of the peasants coming towards me with a lighted paraffin lamp. I managed to snatch the lamp from him and put it out when he was not more than 6 ft. away from the balloon, which contained at that moment something like 6,000 cubic metres of detonating gas.

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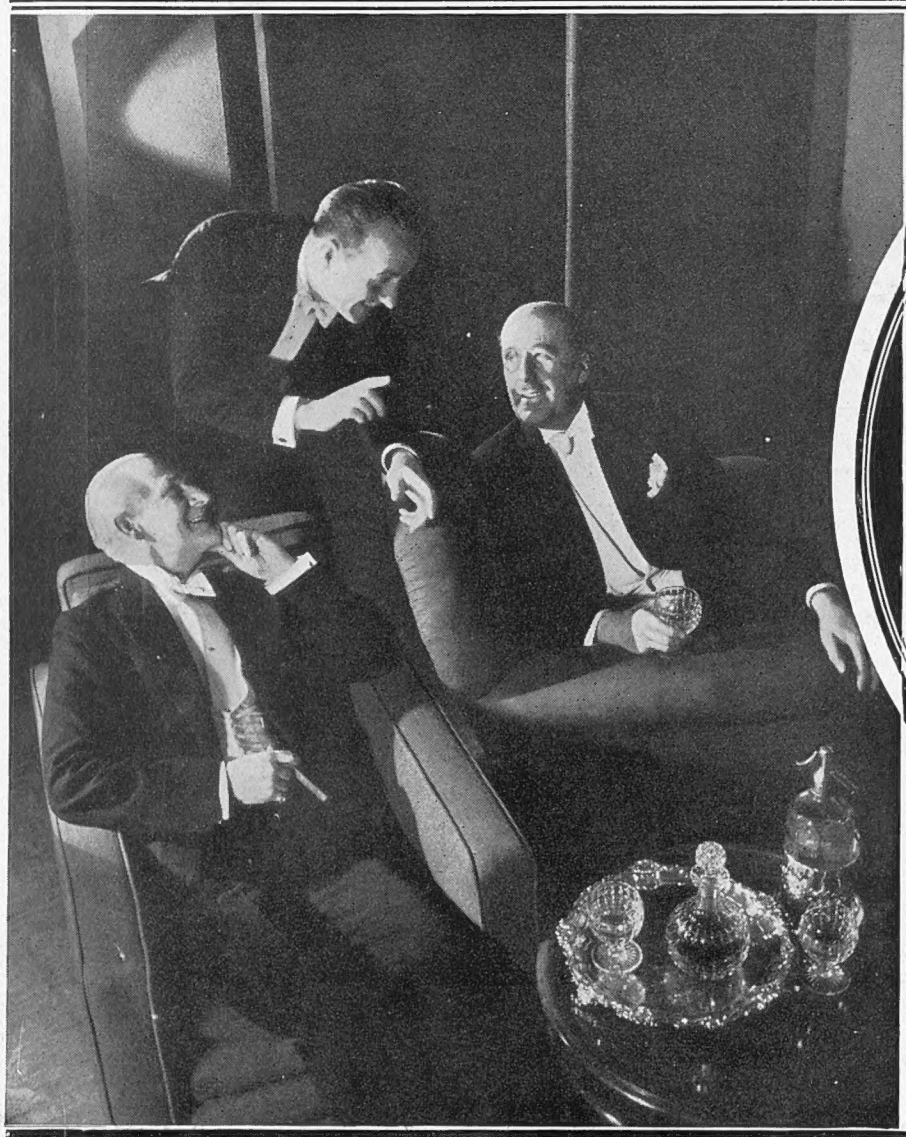

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TRAVEL NOTES of the WEEK

Answers to Enquirers

B., Sudan (Naples to England via the Rhine).—The 2nd-class fare from Naples to Chiasso is about £2 10s., including the reduction granted by the Italian State Railways, provided one stays for at least six days in Italy. The supplement for the 2nd-class sleeping berth from Rome to Milan is about £2 1s. The 1st-class fare from Chiasso to Bale is £3 0s. 5d., while the 1st-class fare from Bale to London on the Rhinegold Express is £8 4s. 6d., which includes the supplement for travelling by this train.

G., India (Camping).—We advise you to get in touch with the Camping Club of Great Britain and Ireland, 2, Greville Street, London, E.C.1, for full information concerning your proposed camping tour of the South of England. You would find it extremely useful to become a member of this club; three months' temporary membership for overseas visitors costing only 5s.

N., Glouc. (Gibraltar and Spain).—There are several sailings daily between Gibraltar and Algeciras, the crossing taking about thirty minutes. There are also several sailings weekly between Gibraltar and Tangier. Motor bus excursions can be made from Algeciras to Malaga, Ronda, and Tarifa. The best hotel in Gibraltar is undoubtedly the Rock Hotel, while the Hotel Cristina at Algeciras, situated in a delightful position overlooking the sea, is also excellent.

E., India (France).—Bandol-sur-Mer is a small resort about one hour's distance from Marseilles by train. It has a very fine, sandy beach, and though not a fashionable place is very popular with French families. We can recommend the Goeland Pension there, with *en pension* terms from 35 francs per day. This pension should suit your purpose admirably as it is close to the beach.

Correction.—Our attention has been brought to bear upon a discrepancy which occurred in the Travel Notes in the issue of THE SPHERE for June 23, in which the through fare from Australia to England via the U.S.A. or Canada was quoted at £118 10s. This should have read £72 18s. and we offer our apologies to any of our readers who may have been inconvenienced by this statement.

Hints to Travellers

ITALY

Prospective visitors to Italy are reminded that the 70 per cent. reduction granted by the Italian State Railways on return tickets to Rome on the occasion of the Fascist Exhibition in Rome, is available only until October 28, the return portion being valid until November 6 though tickets should be stamped at the Exhibition not later than October 28. If desired the journey can be extended to Naples at the same reduced rate. Incidentally statistics regarding the tourist movement in Italy for the first five months of 1934 have recently been published, and a comparison of the number of visitors to the country from January to May, 1933, with a similar period this year, shows an increase of 36 per cent.; this is all the more surprising as 1933 was Holy Year.

At the Service of Our Readers

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The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Enquiries addressed Travel Bureau, Offices of "The Sphere," 346, Strand, W.C.2, will be promptly answered

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Freiburg.—Freiburger Hof.—125 beds. Mod. Popular. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. family house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

GERMANY—*continued.*

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